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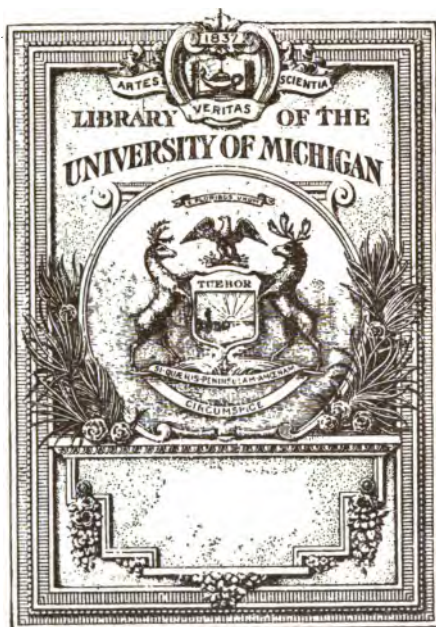
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On A Higher Plane.

—BY—

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ON A HIGHER PLANE.

CHAPTER I.

The bells pealed merrily, announcing the dawn of Christmas Day in a large, populous city. In every home, whether a palatial residence or crowded tenement-house, hope and happiness, as varied as the waves of a turbulent sea, prevailed; but all alike felt the glory of the day, with which began a new era of love, of hope, of faith, and of charity so broad as to throw the resplendent mantle of forgiveness over those with a multitude of sins, and give the penitent a fresh start on the path of righteousness and eminent usefulness.

On a fashionable avenue, in the midst of elegant residences, was the magnificent home of Peter Bismanda, a millionaire, who prided himself upon being a self-made man—the pioneer of his own fortune—and that every dollar of his wealth had been made by himself, through honest toil and legitimate enterprises. Although he was a merchant actively engaged in business, he also took a deep interest in manufacturing. It was one of his delights to help enterprising beginners who started to manufacture any article which promised a demand—to aid them only with encouraging words, but with his means, abilities, and his good-will. There were many concerns, which started with little or nothing that became great and prosperous establishments through the timely aid of Peter Bismanda. His aid

was greatly appreciated by the recipients, because it was not tendered in the spirit of charity or philanthropy, but out of the purest love of enterprise and the promotion of home industries. By these acts, he proved himself to be a typical American—to help others, but at the same time not to forget his own interests. By this wise rule and his conservative judgment, he became a millionaire, and through his activity and good-will, was one of the foremost and most influential citizens of the great city.

Besides his success in business enterprises, he was also fortunate in his domestic relations. The young woman whom he wooed, won, and married was blessed with good health and good common sense, and also endowed with a kind heart. As these are the three qualities a woman must possess in order to be a helpmate to her husband, Peter Bismanda's wife was a helpmate to him, instead of a hindrance, in the achievement of success, crowned with happiness. His love for her grew stronger day by day, and it was his innermost hope and prayer to prove himself worthy of her love and devotion. They were a happy couple, and their happiness was increased by the birth of a daughter, whom they named Adele. The child was exceptionally beautiful and of great intellectual promise, and they hoped that Adele would soon have a brother. A few years later a son was born to them, but both the son and the mother died at the birth. This occurrence saddened the life of the bereaved husband, and he mourned his irreparable loss deeply. He remained a widower, as he firmly believed there was not another woman in the whole world like his departed Marsena.

It was the seventh Christmas Day that he celebrated

without the presence of his beloved wife. He stood in the parlor, gazing at her portrait with great admiration and intense love—a love that longed for her society, to converse with her, to hear her voice, to kiss her, to clasp her in his arms, and to press her to his heaving bosom, and to tell her again and again how much he loved and adored her for her noble influence upon him. He bowed his head sadly, and in broken tones called out: “Marsena! Marsena! my wife! I adore you! I love you still! You are gone—gone forever! I am indeed bereaved! My sorrow is great; yet I bear my sadness with resignation. Resignation is the basis of hope, and hope is the dew of reason, without which, reason would become dethroned. Let me hope to meet you in heaven, Marsena. Bodily you are dead, but spiritually you live. You live among the elect in the celestial region, because you were good. You were kind to the poor and unfortunate. You have dried the tears of woe; you have brought sunshine to dark and desolate homes. Your soul was large, and on the pinions of your many noble deeds you were carried to the throne of grace, and there I hope to meet you when my allotted time will have come—when I, too, will have paid the debt of nature.”

These remarks gave the mourner relief. He paused; he seemed lost in deep thought. “Yes,” said he, “she was a large-souled, broad-minded woman. Only the large-souled can expect to reach heaven. A small-souled being can not ascend heavenward, for he is like a bird that has its wings clipped, and, being thus crippled, must hop on earth. The men or the women who are continually in hot pursuit of bodily pleasures, or obtaining wealth or honors for self-gratification

only, frequently belittle themselves to such an extent that they do not give their souls the opportunity to grow and expand. Under such conditions, the soul shrinks; its spiritual light flickers like the last beams of a fluttering candle. Extreme selfishness of the body in which it is planted has crushed it almost out of existence; and when death overtakes such characters, they are indeed dead."

He paused in his soliloquy, and after a few moments continued: "Let these thoughts be a warning to me not to be intensely bent on obtaining more wealth, more honors, and more bodily enjoyment, at the expense of stinting the growth of my spiritual wealth. Let me aim to become a large-souled man, who lives and who lets others live and enjoy some of the fruits of their labor and the general blessings of life. Let me use my intelligence, my energy, and my wealth not exclusively for my own benefit, but also for the welfare of my fellow-men. Let my presence be to them as the sun that cheers and quickens under its warm rays everything into active, beneficial existence."

The timid tinkling of the house bell attracted the attention of Mr. Bismanda, and he observed: "That is the ringing of a man in need, or a tradesman of limited means."

The servant answered the call, and, seeing that it was the florist, with baskets full of cut flowers, upbraided him because he came up to the front door of the house, instead of to the rear, where all wares were delivered.

"Don't be angry because I brought my flowers here, for Mr. Bismanda told me that whenever I call at his residence to ring the front door bell. Please

tell him that Frank Bellman brought the flowers that he ordered, and ask him where he wants them delivered and arranged."

"Mr. Bismanda will never learn the styles. The idea—to have the florist deliver his wares at the front door of the house! No wonder that our neighbors make fun of his blunt, outlandish ways. It makes me blush to have that man deliver the baskets of flowers at the front door," remarked the girl, in angry tones, as she slowly moved toward the parlor. Entering it, she said: "Mr. Frank Bellman is at the front door with several baskets of flowers. Should I allow him to deliver them through the front hall, or should he bring them to the rear entrance, where all parcels should be delivered?"

"Bridget, you do not know that Mr. Frank Bellman is a schoolmate of mine. To him the front door of my house must be opened when he calls. Please help him bring the flowers in here."

The girl hastened to execute the order, and said to herself: "Mr. Bismanda always has his reasons for doing outlandish things. Our neighbors don't know that the florist is a former schoolmate of Mr. Bismanda. It is a great pity that the mistress died before she taught him the manners of fashion."

Observing this, she said to the florist: "Yes, you are right to deliver the flowers through the front door. This privilege no other tradesman enjoys. I am told—help you bring them into the parlor; this way please; follow me."

Merry Christmas, and many returns, Mr. Bismanda!" said Bellman, on entering the parlor.

Call me Peter. I thank you—thank you; I wish the same, Frank. I also thank you for having

brought me such a handsome selection of flowers for the wreath for my wife's portrait. How beautiful are those heartsease; they signify thought. These handsome roses stand for a matron's head; those violets for a maiden dead." He sighed deeply at these words, and he observed as he handled the flowers: "Those white roses are the white roses of whom the poet sang:

A single rose is shedding
 Its lonely luster, weak and pale;
 It looks as planted by despair—
 So white, so faint, the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high!
 Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
 A crown for the brow of the early dead.
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst
 By the garland on the bier;
 Weep! A maiden claims thy tear—
 Broken is the rose!

"I am glad that you also brought some hawthorn, for it signifies hope. Hope is the bright and the beautiful within the realm of human thought. What would man be without hope for happiness here and the great hereafter? The new dawn of life, without death, without parting between loving, genial spirits. The hawthorn is one of my favorite flowers. I am glad that you brought also some forget-me-nots, of which the poet befittingly sang:

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
 Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue,
 Pure as the ether in its bower
 Of loveliest and serenest blue.

The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
 The silent fount, the shaded spot;
 And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
 Forget me not! forget me not!

"A few heliotropes are also among your selection. These signify, 'I adore you.' The wreath I will now entwine requires the heliotrope. I see also chrysanthemums, which stand for a heart left to desolation. This, alas! is my sad case; my heart is desolate"—and tears gathered in the eyes of the mourning husband, the widower, the humanitarian.

When the flowers were taken from the baskets, Mr. Bismanda asked for the bill.

"I did not bring the bill; I will mail it to you," answered the florist.

"You need not put yourself to that trouble. Just tell me the cost, and I will pay you now. I am a great believer in paying at once for my purchases, as I am of the opinion that a great deal of heartburning and financial misery would be prevented if people who have the money would pay for their purchases at the time when they make them."

"That is so," remarked the florist, earnestly, thinking of the many unpaid bills he had due from well-to-do people, who made him wait months for the money due him for their purchases, thereby causing him financial embarrassment.

"Twelve dollars is the amount."

"We will call it twenty dollars. The few additional dollars use in buying food for some families you may perchance know to be unable to purchase provisions for a nice Christmas dinner."

With these kindly words Mr. Bismanda handed the happy florist two crisp ten-dollar notes, at the same time saying: "You need not send me a receipt; my old schoolmate has my full confidence."

"I am obliged for your kindness, Peter."

"Don't mention it. I am obliged to you for your exquisite selection and your prompt delivery."

Mr. Bismanda escorted the florist to the door, and requested him to call on him socially to talk over the days of their youth.

Returning to the parlor, he said: "Now let me set to work to entwine the wreath with these beautiful flowers. It is indeed a work of love," and he began to select the flowers to match, thereby demonstrating his artistic taste, and by his rapidity in forming the wreath showed that he was no novice. As he proceeded in his work he remarked: "Where are those happy days when as a boy I roamed and camped through the meadows and woods, and gathered flowers and fashioned them into wreaths for my good mother and sisters? What a joyful time we had, although we were poor in money, but rich in love and contentment. Now we are rich in purse, but poor in love and bankrupt in contentment. The restlessness to possess more, still more, more still, is the inward cry and longing, and in the hot pursuit for greater wealth and greater honors we lose the true charm of life—*love for one another* and contentment."

He paused in his observations as he picked up a pansy and a rose, and gazed on them with great admiration. "How beautiful are these flowers! How delightful their perfume! How they sweeten the atmosphere and adorn nature! Who shaped them so artistically, colored them so handsomely, and perfumed them so copiously delightful? These are questions that none are able to answer with absolute certainty. I believe that the flowers that charm mankind so happily are the creation of those noble spirits that lived in the forms of man and woman, and are the re-

flex of their spirits animated to us living on earth by some, to us, unknown process by their kindness and loveliness to those whom they left behind. The thought in itself is refreshing, and inspiring to new gratitude that the spirit of my noble departed mother and the spirit of my noble departed wife send me their greetings through these flowers, to cheer me and my fellow-men in our struggle for existence and happiness." He kissed the pansy and said, with the tenderest affection, "This kiss is for thee, my mother;" and he kissed the rose ardently and said, "This kiss is for thee, Marsena, my beloved wife."

The wreath finished, he fastened it with the utmost care around the portrait of his wife, and with unspeakable happiness gazed upon it, saying: "By this act I declare on this great day my unaltered devotion, my undying love for thee, my beloved wife, mother of my children."

He rang the bell, and Bridget promptly responded.

"Where is Adele? What is she doing?"

"Adele is in the kitchen preparing the Christmas dinner."

"Is she happy at her work?"

"It would do you good to see how happy she is, and the care she takes that the turkey, the cranberry sauce, the pudding, and the pies should roast and bake nicely. She is very attentive, and prays that everything will turn out just right, in order to please you and make you happy."

"I am glad to know that she takes such deep interest in preparing the dinner. I want my daughter be proficient in domestic duties, besides being able to paint, sing, and play beautifully. The art of cooking must, however, remain at the head of her accom-

plishments. I want Adele to come into the parlor and look at the handsome wreath I made for the portrait of her mother; but don't disturb her, in order that her efforts in the preparation of a palatable dinner may succeed. You have taught her how to cook, and to do other housework, and thereby rendered me a great service, and in acknowledgment of your valuable work I here hand you as a Christmas gift a certificate of deposit for five hundred dollars in one of the strongest savings banks in this city. Keep the money there, and the interest too; don't use either, except in extreme need."

"Five hundred dollars! And all that is mine!" exclaimed Bridget, in great astonishment. "I thank you with all my heart for your goodness to me. How will I ever be able to repay it?"

"By continuing to be as faithful and good to Miss Adele in the future as you have been in the past," answered Mr. Bismanda, in a kind but earnest tone.

The front doorbell was ringing violently. "Please go and see who rings that bell so rudely."

Bridget hastened to answer the call, saying: "I wonder who rings the bell in that rough manner." Opening the door, she saw a stalwart man in homespun clothes hanging loosely around him, but who had, nevertheless, the look of one accustomed to command and to be obeyed.

CHAPTER II.

"Where is Peter? Is he at home? If he is, show me to his room quickly," was distinctly heard in the parlor, pronounced in clarion tones.

"Why, that is the voice of my brother-in-law, Paul Parkerland," said Peter Bismanda as he rose to go to meet him; but before he made a step, Paul rushed into the room, and, with outstretched hands, embraced Bismanda. "How are you, Peter? How are you? Where is Adele? How is she? A merry Christmas to you both!"

"We are both well. Adele is in the kitchen preparing the Christmas dinner. I wish you——"

"What!" interrupted Parkerland, "Miss Adele Bismanda, the daughter of a millionaire, in the kitchen preparing the Christmas dinner! To hear this from you is alone worth my horseback ride of thirty miles to come from Grovedale here. I am indeed glad to know that your daughter is able and willing to prepare dinner for the family."

"You don't tell me in earnest that you came to the city on horseback? Why didn't you come by train?"

"I mounted my charger at five o'clock this morning, and here I am in good shape. I always prefer riding my horse to riding on cars. The old way of travel suits me best. To be sure, it is not so comfortable, not so fast, but it is much healthier, safer, and less expensive. These are three important items in a man's existence, especially of a farmer—health, safety, and smaller outlay. Am I right? What say you to that, Peter?"

"I say it is very sensible to keep one's health, to

be on the safe side, and not to spend money unnecessarily. But where is your daughter Bertha? How is her health, and how does she get along in her musical studies?"

"My daughter Bertha is always well; she is in love with her musical acquirements, plays the piano nicely, and sings as sweetly as a bird. I sent her to her grandparents, they are so fond of her. It will make their Christmas Day happier to have their talented granddaughter with them, especially the old gentleman. He plays the violin marvelously well for a man of his age. They will have a nice time at the old homestead. As for me, I thought I would come to the city and spend Christmas with you, Peter, and have an old-fashioned chat, and hear your views on the state of our country and the future progress of our people. I tell you frankly, when I read in the newspapers what is going on, I get alarmed. So many strikes, so many lockouts, so many robberies, defalcations, elopements, divorces by the wholesale, and murders are reported from day to day that I soliloquize, what is the country coming to, and what will become of the farms and the farmers? Why, the boys are all leaving the farms to settle in the city, and now the girls, too, have got the craze to go to the city, and the old people are left all to themselves. I tell you, Peter, something is out of joint. I can not fathom it. What is it? I want you to enlighten me. I am beginning to feel very uneasy about the future prosperity of our country."

"Before I give you my views fully, you must take a bath and some lunch. I will send up your bags fastened to your saddle, and have your horse taken care of, and after you feel refreshed we will talk matters over. I

expect to be honored to-day by a visit from Rabbi Mordecai. I will introduce him to you. He is a lineal descendant of the High Priest Aaron, and I consider him one of the wisest men I ever met; and what makes him so interesting is his broad humanity, his patriotism for the great republic, and his lofty aspirations for the good of all," said Peter Bismanda, earnestly.

"Did I hear your remarks correctly—you expect to be *honored* to-day by a visit of Rabbi Mordecai? Why, Peter, a rabbi to be a rabbi, must be a Jew; and you consider the visit of a Jew an honor?"

"You have heard me correctly; I consider it an honor—a great honor—to be visited by Rabbi Mordecai. Wait till you see him and hear him. You will feel that you are in the presence of one of the old prophets, whose teachings in the Bible enlighten the world, and are treasured by millions of human beings. Now please follow me. Let me escort you to the rooms dedicated to my guests."

"I tell you, Peter, you are indeed beautifully housed. It must cost you lots of money to buy all these fine carpets, this splendid furniture, those pictures there that look like live beings, those statues, and what not, all that I see and can not even call by name. A king could not have it better," said Paul Parkerland, in wondering tones, but without envy in his voice.

"That's all we have for all our toil—a nice home that protects us against the stormy elements, a nice bed to sleep in, and something good to eat, and comfortable clothes to wear. I tell you, Paul, there is nothing so important in life as to know the art of living properly. Rabbi Mordecai taught and convinced

me of that. This is the highest art, and one that is most neglected."

"You mean by the word art the manner of living," answered Farmer Parkerland.

"Yes, I call it art and you call it manner. The meaning is the same. This suite of rooms you will occupy. The first room is your reception room, the next room is the library, the next your bedroom, and the room adjoining is your bathroom. In each room you will see an electric button. If you press it, a servant will call to receive your orders. Make yourself at home."

"I will not bother your servants; I am used to waiting on myself," said Paul Parkerland, with his native frankness.

"Adele, your uncle arrived," said Bridget, on entering the kitchen

"Was it he who rang the front bell so loudly?" asked Adele.

"Yes, it was. Oh, those country people have no manners. The idea of ringing a bell so loudly. What will our neighbors think of it; and how he hollered, 'Where is Peter?' The neighbors, even, must have heard him. I wish those country folks with their rude manners would stay at home," observed Bridget, earnestly.

Adele laughed heartily, and said: "Bridget, to hear you talk would make one believe you were a born aristocrat. I remember well how you looked when you first came to our house."

"How did I look?"

"You looked queer in your green calico dress. You did not know how to walk and how to talk. My mother had to teach you everything, and now you are

the fault-finder, and satirize people that are natural."

"Yes, the mistress taught me my manners. She taught me to read and write and speak nicely, and when she took her Hebrew lessons from Rabbi Mordecai, I had to be present and listen how the rabbi explained the text of the Bible. I learned a great deal in that manner. It brightened my mind more than anything else. I wish that rabbi were a priest of our church. I love to hear him speak. His voice sounds sweeter than music, and what he says is so wise."

"You are quite right; Rabbi Mordecai is a wise man. I call him Nabi now, because it is a greater title, and it sounds nicer. The Nabi will spend Christmas with us. Those butter cakes with raisins, that I made, are for him. That is all he will eat. He is so particular about his food. But why do you wish him to be a priest of your church? Would you like to confess to him? Something is troubling you, for you sigh, and even now you have tears in your eyes. Why do you cry? Why are you unhappy?"

Bridget did not answer. She ran weeping to her room, followed by her young mistress. The room of the servant was elegantly furnished, with a velvet carpet on the floor. A large mirror, in a costly frame, was transfixed above the richly carved mantelpiece. Beautiful pictures, representing the four seasons, were on the walls. There was a cozy bed, with the softest mattresses and pillows, while the covering was a quilt of silk, amply filled with the finest feathers. A blue silk canopy was over the bed, with stars embroidered in velvet embroidery silk. It was a bed fit for a princess to repose in. In the center of the room was a

large round table, covered with books, of which the Bible and a large volume of Shakespeare were the most prominent, and bore the impress of being much in use.

The most remarkable part of the furniture in the room was a large silk-covered pillow that lay on the floor before the bed, which was used by the occupant to kneel on in her morning and evening devotions, as indicated by the impressions that her knees made on it from day to day.

"Please tell me why you are crying and why you are so unhappy. You are treated as one of the family, and it grieves me to see you in tears," exclaimed Adele, sympathetically.

Bridget, instead of answering, threw herself upon her knees, with the silk pillow for support; lifting her eyes heavenward, she withdrew from her bosom a crucifix, clasped the same tenderly in her hands, and in a broken voice, prayed: "O Lord! Forgive me! I repent! I am penitent! O Lord, strengthen me to remain faithful to my duty; to repay kindness with kindness, to be grateful as a Christian should always be, and thus become worthy of entering the kingdom of heaven!"

By a powerful effort she controlled her grief, stopped crying, and arose, saying: "Adele, I can not tell you why I grieve and weep. I hope to control myself in the future and be myself again."

"It is a riddle to me why you should grieve and cry. Confide in me." At these words Adele threw her arms around the neck of Bridget, and exclaimed again: "Confide in me; confide your secrets to me. If you have fears of the future, dismiss them. Rely on me. I am your devoted friend. I am rich. I will always

take care of you, Bridget. My wealth will enable me to do it. Have no fear of the future. Adele Bismanda will take care of her Bridget."

It would have been a pretty study for an artist to paint. Bridget was a well-built woman, with an honest, thoughtful face, and the handsome, youthful face of Adele Bismanda, with her wealth of chestnut brown ringlets covering her shoulders and Bridget's, pleaded with her deep blue eyes with all her innocent girlishness.

"Tell me, Bridget, the cause of your grief and your tears. What do you mean by the remark, 'I hope to control myself in the future, and become myself again?'"

"I can not now tell you the cause of my sorrow and my weeping. Perhaps at some future time I will be able to do so. Now let us go into the kitchen, else everything will burn up, and the Christmas dinner that you set your heart on to be nice will burn or dry." At this remark Adele hastened to the kitchen.

Bridget, left to herself, stood as if riveted to the floor. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Yes, the family has been very good to me. Mrs. Bismanda thought everything of me, taught me, and made me a good Christain. The daughter, although yet young, acts like her mother did toward me. This room she furnished with her own pocket money. Everything is so nice, especially the bed. It could not be nicer, but—but—but—" She laid her hand on her lips, and with her thoughts unuttered, slowly descended to the kitchen.

"I came just in the nick of time, else the turkey would have roasted too crisp. Will you now kindly tend to everything while I go to dress for the

reception of my good uncle Paul," said Adele, pleasantly.

"I will see to everything, and have the table set with our costliest china, and use the silver service."

"Use our finest linen, too, in honor of the day, and adorn the table with papa's favorite flowers, and place a couple of bottles of Tokay wine on ice. Papa always wants that wine served to his guests."

"I will attend to everything," said Bridget, in assuring tones.

Left to herself, she said: "Before I do anything let me look at that piece of paper Mr. Bismanda gave me." She withdrew from her bosom the five-hundred-dollar certificate. She read that it was made out in her name, and payable after giving thirty days' notice, and bearing four per cent. interest, payable quarterly if demanded. "I don't quite understand that part, 'bearing four per cent. interest, payable quarterly if demanded,'" said she thoughtfully. "Oh, yes, I now remember that Rabbi Mordecai explained to mistress that interest bearing means that every dollar earns money for every dollar loaned to the borrower at such a per cent. as agreed upon between the lender and the borrower. If four per cent., it means that a dollar thus loaned earns four cents a year. In that case ten dollars would earn forty cents, one hundred dollars would earn four dollars, five hundred dollars twenty dollars; and as this is a loan of five hundred dollars, I can get from that bank five dollars every three months, without any work at all. Isn't it nice to earn money in that way? I don't wonder now that wise people save their money and put it out on interest. It earns money while one sleeps. I wish my parents were still living. I would have sent to ol

Ireland the five dollars every three months. How that money would have helped them along in their old days. They are gone to heaven, where I hope to meet them. Now I am an orphan. I am alone." Tears gathered in her eyes as she said this, but she quickly dried them and said triumphantly: "No, I am not alone; the Lord Jesus Christ and the holy mother Mary are with me. They surround me wherever I am. Joy is mine as long as I cling to them and love them with my whole heart and soul. I feel sinful that of late that love was disturbed. I repent it! I am penitent! I feel happier now that I have dismissed it." At these words the girl gave a heavy sigh—a sign that she was unhappy; that she had not fully conquered herself.

Resolutely she began setting the table in a truly artistic manner. Going to the wine cellar, she said: "I will put three bottles of Tokay wine on ice. Rabbi Mordēcai will empty a couple of bottles himself while he is talking. I have observed that he only eats a few of those butter cakes, or figs, but he drinks Tokay freely, and it don't seem to affect him at all. He is indeed wonderfully blessed!"

Adele appeared in the dining room, handsomely gowned, but wearing no jewels. Indeed, she did not need them. Her clear complexion, her rosy cheeks, her coral lips, and her brilliant dark-blue eyes, that shone with angelic goodness, made her truly beautiful, and her self-reliance graced her with a commanding dignity. She glanced at the beautifully arranged table and said: "Bridget is a treasure. I could not have set that table more tastily myself. I must tell her to put three bottles of Tokay on ice. Nabi Mordecai enjoys Tokay wine. I am glad that he will be with us to-day."

She touched a button with her foot near her seat at the dining table, and Bridget responded.

"Please put three bottles of the Tokay wine on ice."

"I have already done so, remembering the Rabbi's visit," answered Bridget, good-naturedly.

"Where is papa and Uncle Paul?"

"Both went out, and your father said that they will be back by two o'clock for dinner."

"Gone out to-day!" exclaimed Adele. "Oh, yes, I remember, on Christmas papa visits his tenants. It is nice in him to show them his kind attention, and to speak words of encouragement to them, and to show his good-will in promoting their welfare and happiness. I feel proud of my father, because he is so good and so considerate of the welfare of others."

"I should say he is," observed Bridget, in grateful tones.

"I hear the telephone ringing in the library," remarked Adele, hastening to answer the call.

"Who is that speaking? Oh, is that you, Nabi Mordecai? It is Adele Bismanda that is talking to you. Do you remember that I told you that I will call you Nabi? It is a greater title than Rabbi, and you are entitled to it. I am sorry that you can not come to dine with us, but, of course, official duties have a prior claim. Please be sure to honor us this evening with your presence. We have a visitor. My uncle, Paul Parkerland, came to spend Christmas with us, and I am sure that Uncle Paul will greatly enjoy making your acquaintance. I did not hear you.

"Yes, I understand you now, that you expect me to play your favorite for you—Meyerbeer's 'Prophet.' To please you, I will. Don't disappoint us. Be sure

to come this evening. Christmas without your visit would not be complete in happiness.

"Thanks! thanks! for your assurance that you will come. Good-by."

"It is too bad that Nabi Mordecai will not dine with us—official duties that he must perform prevent his coming," remarked Adele to Bridget regretfully.

"Yes, it is too bad that he will not come. I love to hear him say grace before dinner. He says it with so much spirit that one feels that he is in the presence of the throne of grace, and that his supplications are graciously accepted. I noticed that your noble father feels the same divine influence. Adele there is nothing so inspiring as praying to God from the innermost recesses of the heart," observed Bridget, with great earnestness.

"You have expressed yourself very prettily," remarked Adele.

"When a person reads the Bible and Shakespeare as much as I do, they should at least be able to express their thoughts properly. It was through the kindness of your mother that I was led to read those good books that enlighten my mind and make my heart grateful, and—" she stopped short as she noticed Jim, the coachman, in livery, and with white vest and gilt buttons, enter the room with a large parcel in his hands, who said:

"Bridget, Thomas O'Brien brought this Christmas present for you, and he requested me to deliver it at once."

Bridget grew red in the face, her eyes shone with delight, and she remarked: "You are very good to obey his request. I did not expect a present from Mr. O'Brien."

The coachman laughed and said: "No, you did not expect a present from Mr. O'Brien, but you expected it from Thomas or Tom. Now, be fair, Bridget—don't put on airs."

Adele looked astonished, smiled and said: "Bridget, now it is clear to me why you sigh, why you weep, and what you meant by saying, 'I will soon be myself again.' Bridget, you love Thomas O'Brien and you were afraid that he did not love you. Please tell me if I am right in my conclusions?"

Bridget did *not* answer, but rushed to her room.

CHAPTER III.

We enter the second floor of a substantially built tenement house. It is the home of John Tafelfeld, who was busy examining the report of the school officers for the past six months regarding the conduct and advancement of his son John, a lad of fifteen, who leaned over his father's shoulder, glancing at the report with great satisfaction.

"Very good! very good!" exclaimed the father in a happy tone; and he added: "John, I am proud of you that your conduct is reported good, and progress in your studies excellent. You have done well. Your behavior is so good that you merit my love to such an extent that I bought for you, as a Christmas present, a nice bicycle. It cost lots of money, and I had to work hard many days to earn it, but I spend it with pleasure for my son, who deserves it."

"Father, I am ever so much obliged to you for the bicycle. It is just what I wanted," said the son, in a grateful tone.

"I am 'glad to see you pleased with my present. Now, John, let me tell you that this is the first valuable property that you ever possessed. Take care of it, and bear in mind *that it is not half so hard to obtain property as to keep it when earned*. It is not what we earn that makes us rich; it is what we save that lifts us from poverty to wealth. Remember this forever. I tell it to you on this happy Christmas day. Repeat it with me: *"It is not what we earn that makes us rich; it is what we save that lifts us from poverty to wealth."*

"Father, I will never forget this as long as I live," remarked the son, earnestly.

"If you will remember it and act accordingly, you will never come to want, and you will always have means that will secure you an independence that will be very pleasant," observed the father seriously.

"Not to be in want and to enjoy independence, I reckon, is allotted to only a few in this world," remarked the son thoughtfully.

The father looked proudly at the lad, and quickly remarked: "You are quite right. Not many enjoy such bliss, but it is in many instances their own fault. They spend all they earn foolishly, and many of them spend even more than they can afford, and as a consequence come to want, and lose their independence, for their very existence depends upon the favor of those who have husbanded their earnings, and through that occupy a commanding position. Verily, we have it as we make it. No man who masters his calling, is industrious, and careful of his expenditures, need come to want and be a cringing slave. That is what makes me so happy to see, from the report of your teacher, that your conduct is good, your progress in

your studies excellent, and this good beginning will lead you to master whatever trade you adopt as a means to earning a livelihood. You will be an earnest worker, and not a trifler. Your self-reliance will bring out the best qualities that are in you, and you will continue to be the pride of your parents."

"I will sincerely endeavor to be a worthy son, and give no cause for my good parents to be ashamed of me," said John, with tears in his eyes.

"That is the right spirit, my boy; if you will live and act in that spirit I would trust you against a whole world of temptations. That love of parents, the love for your relatives, that love for good reports will make you strong—strong enough to withstand temptations in whatever form they will come before you and beckon to lead you astray. Remain true to that spirit to cause no shame to your parents, to your relatives and friends, and you will never get yourself into trouble."

The door from the adjoining room opened gently, and Mrs. Tafelfeld entered, and in a gentle voice said:

"I heard your conversation, and it did me good to hear it. I feel proud of my husband, and I feel proud of my son," and the happy wife and mother kissed her husband and her son heartily, and continued: "Breakfast is ready—nothing extra; but the Christmas dinner will be just to your taste. The turkey is young and tender, and I have just finished the dressing, including the oysters."

"There can be no doubt but that it will be good, for whatever you do turns out well," remarked the husband proudly, and he added: "Laura, let me hand you my Christmas present," and he brought forth from his dresser a beautiful and substantial shawl of the finest fleece, which he unfolded and

gracefully threw over her shoulders, saying: "This will keep you snugly warm, and it becomes you well. I hope you will enjoy it, and that it will cause you as much pleasure as it affords me to present it to you."

Happiness beamed from the eyes of the grateful wife. She exclaimed, "I thank you, John," and gave him a kiss, which the loving husband heartily received and reciprocated.

"Now I am going to give you my Christmas gift," said the wife, in a happy voice, presenting him with a genuine seal fur cap and a pair of suspenders, embroidered with large letters in yellow and white silk, "God bless my husband."

The husband looked surprised, and joyfully exclaimed: "Why, Laura, what an extravagance to buy a cap so costly and such nice suspenders! And you embroidered all this yourself! How trying it must have been on your eyes to have made so many stitches, and——"

The wife interrupted him, saying: "No work is hard when it is a work of love. With every stitch I sewed in a hearty amen to the words, 'God bless my husband.'"

"You are an angel of a wife," remarked the husband, as if speaking to himself, accepting the present, placing the cap on his head, and saying, "It fits me just right, and I will wear it to church every Sunday during the winter."

"It looks nice on you," exclaimed the son, admiringly, and he added: "I am glad that mother bought it. I like to see my father look as well as any man."

"That is the right kind of admiration, Johnny," observed the good wife and noble mother, "and here 's your Christmas present," producing a pair of long

leggings of the finest wool, and with patent adjustable leather straps. "I knitted these leggings for you to wear when you are riding your bicycle."

The son gleefully exclaimed: "That is just what I want. There is Willie Mespy, the son of Banker Mespy; he wears a pair of those leggings when he rides his bicycle. Mamma, you could not have given me anything nicer," and he kissed his mother impetuously.

"I am glad that you like my gift, Johnny, and I hope that you will enjoy it. Now let us go to breakfast," and she led the way into the adjoining room. The table was indeed inviting, giving ample proof that the mistress of that home had the comfort of her beloved ones at heart, and was lovingly sustained by her husband.

The father took his seat at the head of the table, and said grace in a devotional tone, to which the wife and son responded a hearty "Amen."

"I notice, father, that on every Christmas Day you wear your gold chain, and have your gold watch in your pocket, and during the entire year you lay them aside among your most cherished possessions. Why do you bestow that distinction on those ornaments? You told me several times that there is a remarkable history connected with that gold watch and chain, which you would tell me some day. Tell it to me to-day, father," requested the son.

"Not to-day," answered the father.

"Please tell it to Johnny to-day. It is so interesting, and it may do him some good in the future to know it," pleaded the wife.

"Your wish is my command," observed the husband, jokingly, "and I will to-day relate the history

that is connected with my gold watch and chain," and he began :

“ In the village where I and your mother were born, a Jew lived by the name of Bernard Leod. His family consisted of fourteen sons and eight daughters. The mother not only superintended her large family minutely, but devoted a large part of her time in gathering herbs in the meadows and in the forests. These herbs she would carefully assort and place in jars. Far and near she attended the sick and cured them, without ever accepting any payment. Frequently the farmers would bring some of their products as a return for the great service she rendered their dear ones. She, however, invariably ordered the gifts to be handed to the poor, with the compliments of the giver. Those kindly deeds earned for her the title of the Good Mother, and some called her the Good Paula, which was her given name. The family was rich. They owned an orchard comprising three hundred acres of the choicest fruit trees. Each tree was taken care of with the same attention as if it were a child, for Mr. Bernard Leod prided himself on his well-kept orchard, and which, under his management, earned a large revenue. They were also possessed of a large mill, and ground thousands of sacks of wheat every month uninterruptedly during the year. They also dealt largely in wool, hides, feathers, honey, and wax. Their dairy was complete in all its details, and was one of their cherished possessions. Everything was bought for cash, and Mr. Leod had a rule to pay everybody their wages before the sun went down. And he had another rule, just as important, that he never would employ anybody who was of a quarrelsome disposition, nor would he

transact business with anybody unless the dealing could be done pleasantly. He was polite to all, and treated every one in the most liberal spirit, and demanded the same kindly feelings in return. Those who would not show that disposition could not get employment at his large establishment, nor sell him any of their produce. The result was that those who worked for and dealt with that Jew had no cause to complain, for there was always a mutual good feeling between the employer and the employed, between the buyer and the seller, and all prospered and lived happily.

“The most remarkable part about that family was the attention that Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Leod bestowed upon the education of their children. They had a school-house of their own, and employed the best teachers. Every child, besides being thoroughly instructed in Hebrew lore, the mathematics, and mechanical arts, was also instructed in seven of the leading languages. Every one of the Leods could write, read, and speak seven languages with the fluency and accent of a native. They also learned to play on different instruments, to sing and dance, and to fence and to box with the agility of athletes. The father took special pride in their music and sport, for he played the flute marvelously, and very few could master him in wrestling or lifting heavy weights. Socially, they lived very exclusively, only on the birthday of their mother their great hall was opened, and the employes, with their families, were invited to witness a theatrical performance by the children, or musicale, ending with a grand feast and a dance. And every one of the participants, on such happy oc

casions, would receive a handsome present as a remembrance."

"That is so—my handsome silk scarf, with the long silk fringe, I received as my present at one of those annual entertainments," interrupted Mrs. Tafelfeld.

"Laura, dear, you must not interrupt me," remarked the husband.

"I only wanted to tell Johnny where I got my beautiful silk scarf which he so much admires whenever I wear it."

"Notwithstanding the exemplary life of that Jewish family, and the many benefits they bestowed upon the community by their enterprises and their fair and square dealing, they were hated by many Christians on account of the minister preaching sermons every Sunday against the Jews. He called them Christ-killers and cheats, and usually closed his sermon by the remark that 'the birth of every Jew is a curse and the death of every Jew is a blessing to a community.' I heard those sermons, and it made me blush with shame that a Christian minister should preach such hatred against an unoffending people. One Sunday, as we walked home from the church, an infuriated ox rushed through the street, kicked aside all those who were near him, and with lightning speed he rushed for the minister. All were horror struck at the great peril of the minister's life. At that moment the oldest son of Bernard Leod sprang forward, grasped the ox by his horns, and with one blow of his hammer-like fist killed the ox and saved the life of the minister, who disgraced his calling by preaching hatred instead of love."

"And what did the people say to that heroic act of the young Jew?" asked the son, greatly interested.

"Men and women cried out, 'Bravo! bravo!' and crowded around him to grasp his hand, but he said: 'Please do not detain me. This is our dinner hour, and my mother would be displeased if I would not be at home punctually, and I must not displease my mother. That would be sacrilegious,' and with quickened step he hastened home."

"The Jews truly honor their parents, especially the mother. She is treated by them as the Queen of Queens," remarked Mrs. Tafelfeld, as if speaking to herself.

"Please proceed, father, with your reminiscences," pleaded the son eagerly.

"Your mother has a habit of interrupting me," remarked the father, and he continued: "I said before that Mr. Bernard Leod took great pride in fencing, wrestling, lifting heavy weights, but he also greatly enjoyed bathing and swimming in a stream that ran close by the village. At the head of his fourteen boys he would walk a couple of miles away from the village, and swim and dive. Many of the Christians, seeing the pleasure in swimming and diving as enjoyed by the Jews, followed their example, and all were greatly pleased. Several of the most mischievous boys said among themselves: 'The minister preached that it is a blessing if a Jew dies; let us drown one of the youngest of the Leods. There is Mordecai; he is the best swimmer and the best diver. When he is under the water let us keep him down until he drowns.' I overheard this, and decided to be near Mordecai. When the wicked boys tried to carry out their plot, I fought them and saved the life of Mordecai, who was in a drowning condition. I threw him on my shoulders and brought him to the surface. H

father and brothers assisted me in resuscitating him, and after we succeeded in bringing him back to life, the father took his gold watch and gold chain and hung it around my neck and said: 'Johann Tafelfeld, please accept this gift and wear it only on your happiest day. It will bring you good luck!' Christmas is my happiest day, and therefore I wear it only on that day."

"Is Rabbi Mordecai of this city the same Mordecai? I remember you told me once that he was born in the same place where you and mother were born," inquired the son, greatly interested.

"Yes, it is Rabbi Mordecai, whose life I saved when we were boys."

"You have reason to be proud of that act, for you have saved a life which has been a blessing to the people. His sermons that I read in the daily papers and the books that he wrote are indeed edifying, for they appeal to our better nature. No one can read them without becoming nobler in thought and action," said the son thoughtfully.

"While his sermons and his books have done much to refine the nature of his readers, his personal influence among the wealthy and great of this city and State has done more good. You remember, Laura, what a stingy man Peter Bismanda used to be. One day I saw Rabbi Mordecai riding with him in his carriage in the park. The thought struck me that Rabbi Mordecai would, through his wisdom, goodness, and persuasive eloquence, change Peter Bismanda from a mean, close-fisted man to a noble, generous man, and sure enough he did. Peter Bismanda, who used to live for himself only, and tried his best to skin

everybody, now lives and lets others live, and uses his wisdom and wealth for the benefit of his fellow-men. It is a blessing to a community to have such men as Rabbi Mordecai in their midst. But the trouble is that, being a Jew, he is not fully appreciated, and obstacles are placed in his way for general improvements."

"That is too bad," observed the son.

"It is too bad," assented the father, and he continued: "What the Christians greatly need is to unlearn their prejudice, and that can only be achieved when Christian ministers cease to preach sermons on hatred and revenge. They must preach what Christianity teaches—love, forgiveness, good-will toward all mankind, and humane kindness toward the animal and vegetable growths."

He paused, and seemed lost in thought.

"Proceed with the history connected with your gold watch and chain; the best part is yet untold," said the wife affectionately.

"Father, please continue to tell me the whole history connected with your gold watch and chain," pleaded the son earnestly.

"Mr. Bernard Leod, the generous giver of this valuable gift, saw me on the street the day after I saved the life of his son Mordecai, and he said: 'Johann Tafelfeld, I have noticed that you idle away your time lounging on the streets. You are perhaps not aware that an idler becomes a trifler, and triflers are usually of no account in this busy world. You must have a trade that gives you steady employment which will support you honorably. If it is agreeable to you, and if your parents approve of it, you can enter as apprentice in my mill and become a miller, and

I will also order the teacher of languages whom I employ to give you three lessons a week in German, French, and English, free of charge to you. It will be of enormous value to you to speak and write those three leading languages.' I at once accepted his kind offer. My parents approved of it, and then I entered the employ of Bernard Leod. His wife Paula noticed the affection her husband and her son had for me, and asked me what service I had rendered to the family. Then I told her of the boys who plotted to drown her son Mordecai, and that I rescued him. She could hardly suppress her astonishment, but when told the names of the three boys who wanted to drown her son, she exclaimed, 'Every one of them have I cured from serious sickness. Verily, I have been throwing pearls before swine. Notwithstanding this deplorable incident she responded promptly to the call of the sick without pay and gratitude. She was one of the noblest women in the whole surrounding country. I remember that one rainy day, the carriage of Count von Lichtenstein stopped before their house. The coachman handed them a letter from the Count and Countess von Lichtenstein requesting the good Paula to come immediately in their carriage to the castle, as their only daughter, the Countess Augusta, was very sick with diphtheria, and that the doctor had given her up as hopeless. Mrs. Leod could not ride in any vehicle, for it made her very sick. She therefore sent several jars with herbs to the castle with the coachman, telling him to deliver them to the Countess in person with great care, and to instruct the cook to have boiling hot water ready. She then walked there as quickly as she could.

"It seemed very strange to me that a woman wh-

gave birth to fourteen sons and eight daughters without impairing her health could not stand riding in a carriage. But it made her dizzy and threw her into spasms. It was ten miles from her house to the castle, but I knew a pathway through the forest which made the journey three miles shorter. I was therefore selected to lead the way through that forest, and thus I accompanied her to the castle. It rained torrents, but the good Paula kept on without a murmur; and although I was then seventeen years old, full of health and vigor, I had to gird myself to keep steps with her. When we arrived at the castle the Count Von Lichtenstein, who was a powerfully-built man, waited in the great hall, wringing his hands in despair. He lifted the good Paula in his arms and carried her upstairs to the chamber where his daughter was gasping for breath. 'Please throw a cloak over my wet clothes; the dampness would be injurious to the child,' commanded the Jewess, calmly. 'Bring me at once the jars with my herbs, and boiling hot water;' and you can well believe that all her orders were promptly obeyed.

"Within half an hour of her arrival the terror and oppressive sorrow of the count, the countess, and the whole household changed to calmness and joy, for the young countess had improved so perceptibly that she was considered out of danger. For two days the good Paula remained at the castle and nursed the young countess, and finally restored her to complete health.

"For years the young countess came twice a month in her carriage, and brought cut flowers as her gift to her rescuer. This gift was gratefully accepted, and on several occasions the good Paula requested the Countess Augusta to tell her mother to please call or

her, as she wanted to see her particularly on a matter of great importance; but the Countess Von Lichtenstein never came, and the visits of the young countess stopped also. This seemed very strange to Mrs. Leod, and she expressed it to her husband, who shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Those who do not want to hear of a danger must feel the consequences.'

"Months passed on into years. I became as one of the family; and never will I forget the beautiful home life that I witnessed in that Jewish home."

"Please tell me all about it," exclaimed the son, eagerly.

"The keynote of their happiness was the love that the parents felt for their children, and the interest they took in their education, which began at the very cradle. Order, coupled with punctuality, was strictly observed by all. The children truly loved and honored their parents. They looked upon their father as the high priest, and upon the mother as the high priestess. Friday evening they called the Sabbath bride. All appeared at the supper table in their best clothes. The father sat at the head of the table, the wife to his right, and next to the mother the oldest child, and so on, so that the baby sat next to the father. The large twist of bread was cut by the father, after he said grace, and every one received a piece of it and repeated the grace. An hour was passed in eating; each child had a wineglass of wine, and said grace before they drank. After the meal was finished and the table cleared, they would sing the hymns of King David for an hour, and when they left the table each child stepped to the father and mother and bowed the head reverently. The father would lay his right hand on the head and bless each child in the same words as Jacob blessed

his grandsons, the sons of his beloved son Joseph. The mother would lay her left hand on the head of each child and repeat the same blessing. Then they retired to their rooms. Some would read, while others would play chess.

“While peace and happiness prevailed in that Jewish home, and prosperity crowned their united efforts, and while they made hosts of friends by their fair dealing and attendance to their own affairs, the priest continued preaching vengeance against the Jews, for no other reason than that they would not become converts to his church. They insisted upon remaining Jews, who firmly believed in the unity of God as the Heavenly Father and the gracious Redeemer, and they practiced the golden rule, ‘Do unto others as you would be done by.’

“There were many in the community, especially those who were thriftless or who spent all their earnings for drink and in riotous living, and consequently were poor, who became jealous of the Jews, whose thrift and correct living enabled them to husband their means. The sermons of the priest had a demoralizing effect on the unthrifty, and they showed their hatred uncovered, which the keen eyes of Bernard Leod fully observed. It made him sad, and therefore more thoughtful. I noticed that he would walk in his orchard for hours, deeply absorbed in his reflections. His directions to his employes were always clear and concise, and given in a kind spirit. Everything ran like clock-work, and every employe was happy, and everything thrived as if the blessing of God rested on all.”

“And still you say that the owner of that great establishment was sad,” remarked young Tafelfeld.

“He was sad and unhappy because the people

among whom he dwelt disrespected him, and he began to feel unsafe in his person and in his possessions," answered the father; and he continued: "One Sabbath eve, which they called the bride of the Sabbath, and sat at their table, singing hymns after the meal, some one threw a stone through the window which fell on the table. The oldest son, the one who felled the infuriated ox with one blow of his fist, wanted to rush out and punish the rascal for this outrageous act, but the father motioned him to keep his seat, and they kept on singing just as if nothing had happened.

"That was indeed wonderful forbearance and patience," remarked the son as if speaking to himself.

"The oppressed must have forbearance and patience, else they could not exist," said the father; and he added: "I well remember their song:

"Tears my food by night, by day,
Grief consumes my strength away,
While his craft the Tempter plies,
'Where is now thy God?' he cries.
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

"For in happier times I went
Where the multitudes frequent.
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my king;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days."

"How beautiful they sang this, how harmonious and how sweet were their voices; the bass, the tenor, and the soprano were there; the father led in the song, and the mother motioned her hand as if she was the leader of an orchestra. It seems as if I see and hear them yet.

"A few days after the stone was thrown through the window of the dining-room, Mrs. Leod said to me: 'Johann, you will accompany me to the castle of Count von Lichtenstein through the forest, the same way we went years ago. I want to see the Countess on account of her daughter.' I, of course, escorted her, but how different was the reception! When they needed the skill of the Jewess to save the life of their only daughter, the Count carried her in his arms up the stairs to the chamber of the dying child! Now they had no use for her, and the Countess would not receive her!

"Tell the Countess I did not call to ask any favors of her. I came to warn her of a danger that surrounds her daughter—a danger that is worse than death. I must see her now in order to prevent the great misfortune which would wreck the happiness of the whole family.'

"The maid with whom this message was sent came back, and said: 'The Countess will not see you. When she needs your advice she will send for you, and, as a friendly warning, she advises you not to call on the sick in the capacity of doctor or you may be arrested, as you practice without a diploma.'

"The good Paula looked astonished, and without saying a word she left the castle, and the whole way home she wept as if her heart would break."

"Father, you have tears in your eyes—you are crying," exclaimed the son.

"I always cry when I think of that scene," said the father, and he continued: "Before she reached home she stepped to a brook and washed her face, saying, 'My husband and my children must not see that I have cried.' As soon as we stepped in the house they all

noticed that their mother had cried. They insisted upon her telling them the cause for it. When she got through relating the story, Mr. Bernard Leod said: 'Step forward, ye sons, form a ring around your mother by clasping your hands to one another, and swear before the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that you will always protect your mother, even at the peril of your lives; that her happiness shall be paramount with you, and none of you will spare time and money to secure her happiness.' 'We swear!' exclaimed the sons with one determined voice.

"Swear also by the God of our ancestors, that you will be brothers not only in name but in action towards your sisters and towards one another, to live one for all and all for one.' 'We swear!' and the brothers rushed into one another's arms, embraced and kissed each other as they cried 'One for all and all for one.'

"And so help you God,' exclaimed the father, tears rolling down his sad face, 'now step forward in line and receive your father's blessing.'

"I can not proceed; I must cry; my sorrow now overwhelms me, when I think of that monumental scene of the suffering of my great benefactor, who made me what I am." Recovering himself, he continued: "Mr. Bernard Leod requested me to saddle his horse, which he mounted. He did not ride in the direction of the castle, but rode in the direction of the nearest city. I wondered what would be the result of all these happenings, and I was not long kept in suspense. The property was widely advertised to be sold for cash down. In a few weeks hundreds of bidders came to the village, but there were no Jews among them. They were all Christians. The mill, the orchard, the cows, oxen, horses, wagons, and the

house—in fact, all but their household furniture and their books, were sold. The purchaser was a Christian, but one of those Christians who does not pay the laborer before the sun goes down. He arranged to pay the first of each month, and it often got to the 5th, and more frequently the 15th, before the pay came; and when it did come it came in the form of an order for wares on the store owned by him, and where double prices were charged. It did not take long for the people to find out that the new owner of the mill, the orchard, and the dairy was a hard-hearted and a close-fisted man. They could not get near as liberal wages for their work, for their grain and their other produce as Bernard Leod, the despised Jew, paid. Many of them deplored his departure, and blamed the priest for the prejudice and hatred that he preached against Jews. With the departure of Bernard Leod the whole prospect of the neighborhood was changed, Everything seemed to wither under the management of the new proprietor, and which was felt detrimentally in every home in the surrounding country. Your good mother, who was in the employ of the Leods as a cook, I wooed and married; and as the new employer of the mill was an unreasonable man, I decided to emigrate to the United States. Mr. Bernard Leod gave me a letter of recommendation to my present employer. He pays me liberally for my work and treats me kindly."

"You can see, Johnny, what good luck your father had by coming to a family where I worked, for there he saw me, and it did not take him long to see what a treasure of a woman I was, and how happy it would make him to have me as his wife," said Mrs. John Tafelfeld, with great pride.

"I did not wed you for your money, as you had none. I married you for your own sweet self, and that is the reason why we always were happy," remarked the husband, with great self-satisfaction.

"There is one thing not clear to me—why the Countess should have treated Mrs. Leod so unladylike," queried the son.

"I learned afterward that the Count von Lichtenstein wanted to borrow from Mr. Bernard Leod two hundred thousand marks, which loan Mr. Leod declined to make, and the Count swore to destroy that Jew in the fire of his revenge. But the Jew sold his possessions, and left the inhospitable neighborhood for more genial neighbors, who had the sense to appreciate his beneficial presence."

"And what became of the Leods? Where did they move to?" asked the son earnestly.

"They moved to the nearest city. The father retired from all active pursuits. Each son received his portion of the wealth he possessed, and they settled in the leading capitals of Europe as bankers. Some of the sons emigrated to Australia, Africa, Brazil, and also to the United States. Those that went to Australia and Africa entered into mining enterprises; those that went to Brazil bought thousands of acres of land, and went into the cultivation of coffee on the most extensive scale; those that went to the United States became manufacturers, and employ large forces of men and women, and they, like their noble father, pay liberal wages and pay them promptly. All are very rich, and so are their sisters, who married well. All have large families, who receive the best education and a good home example, which makes them exemplary citizens in every community. I said all are very

rich, with the exception of Rabbi Mordecai, because his aim is not to be a money-maker, but a great scholar and a benefactor to humanity."

"And are the parents of this large and prosperous family still living?" asked young Tafelfeld.

"No; both died at a good old age. When I visited my parents in Germany, I paid my respects to their graves, which are ornamented with a costly monument, and I read this epitaph: 'Here lie the remains of Mrs. Paula Leod, who died . . . aged eighty-one years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, and to the wretched a comforter. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. She made her husband happy by her noble life, and by giving birth to fourteen sons and eight daughters, all of whom she brought up to manhood and womanhood, who walk in the path of righteousness, and daily bless her memory.'"

"What a beautiful epitaph this is," remarked the son.

"It is beautiful because every word of it is true. I knew her well. She was indeed kind and charitable towards all," observed Mrs. Tafelfeld, and of a sudden she started up from her chair, exclaiming: "My God! I have forgotten it!" and she rushed from the room to the cellar, quickly filled the coal bucket with coal, and carried several buckets of it to another part of the cellar, which was set apart for another tenant of the house.

Reluctantly we leave the cheerful home of John Tafelfeld. How different was the scene on the floor above, where Martin Martinoff and his family dwelt. He was a horse trader, and had justly the reputation of being the best judge of horses in the State. His earnings were large; still, the floor of his home was bare of carpet, the furniture was of the commonest make, and the rocking chair had a broken seat. Mrs. Martinoff looked pale and careworn. Her son Conrad, a lad of fifteen, looked haggard, making the impression on the beholder that he was a youth who did not have sufficient nourishment. The husband and father still slept, and the wife awoke him.

"It is past eight; get up."

"Let me sleep. Take your breakfast without me," muttered the husband.

"There is nothing in the house. You came home too late to give me money to go to market, and I don't want to take anything from your purse, as I——"

"Plague on it! Hand me my pants, and I will let you have some money," interrupted the husband, roughly.

The wife complied. He took from his purse a five-dollar bill, and said: "You can spend of this one dollar, and the rest put back in my vest. Now let me sleep."

"One dollar is not enough," observed the wife, timidly.

"Then spend two dollars, and not another nickel. Now don't trouble me," and he sank back in his bed as if exhausted,

The wife, without saying a word, took a basket and proceeded on her way to make the contemplated purchases.

"Father," said the son, "I don't like to disturb you, but while mother is gone to market I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" exclaimed the father, impatiently.

"I want to ask you, father, why we have not everything as nice as the Tafelfelds have. We have not even coal in our part of the cellar, and, were it not that some kind soul puts a few buckets of coal there, we would not be able to keep up the fire in the stove. You said yourself that you earn more than Mr. Tafelfeld, and still our rooms are poorly furnished, and we have hardly enough to eat, and we are always in debt."

"Hush up, you youngster! Has your mother put you up to this?"

"No; mother did not say a word about this; she is too proud-spirited. I know she grieves, sighs, and cries in silence. I am old enough to see that it is not her fault that things are as they are, and I thought I would speak to you about it."

"But I don't want to hear you; I want to sleep. Leave the room," commanded the father, with an angry flash in his eyes.

Conrad left the room sadly. On the way to the street he met his schoolmate, Johnny Tafelfeld, leaning on his new bicycle, ready to take his morning spin. He looked comfortable in his black wool leggings, happiness beaming from his countenance, and he exclaimed: "Conrad, a happy Christmas to you!"

"I thank you, Johnny, and I wish you the same," and he quickened his steps, as tears, those messengers of an overpowering sorrow, forced themselves into his eyes, and he muttered: "How nice Johnny looks. He has everything to make him happy, because his father does not spend his earnings for drink as my

father does. O God! what will become of us if this thing continues? My poor mother, how she suffers!" At these words he gave a loud bitter cry; but he quickly controlled himself, for he saw his mother coming with the heavy basket, and he ran to her relief.

"I am glad that you came," said his mother, and she added: "I am not as strong as I used to be. Help me carry the basket."

"I will carry it myself"—and he relieved his mother of the burden.

Slowly and silently they walked to their lonely home. Both had misgivings of the future. The son broke the silence by saying: "Mother, I am very unhappy on account of my father's actions. He spends his evenings in the saloons, and makes his and our lives miserable. Something must be done quickly to change his course."

"I have reasoned with him, I have begged him for his own good and the good of his family to stop drinking, but the more I beg him the worse the habit grows on him. Last night when he came home drunk I cried at the sight, and he got so angry that he threatened to kill me if I did not stop crying. He is getting dangerous. I am helpless. I am alone in this wide world, but I am to blame that I am alone." The poor mother could say no more. Her poignant grief overwhelmed her, and tears rolled thick and fast over her wan cheeks.

"Mother! My good mother, don't cry on the street," pleaded her son; "it breaks my heart to see you so unhappy. Please tell me who your parents are; tell me the names of your brothers; tell me where they live, and I will inform them of our sad plight. Oh, mother dear, tell me who they are, and where they re-

side, that I can appeal to them for help—for help we need. Give me their address, so that I can write or telegraph them to come to our rescue ere it is too late.”

“Too late are sad words. They are the saddest words in our language. I have wept so much over those two words, ‘*Too late*,’ that it has weakened my eyesight. It is useless to tell you the name and address of my parents; they have disowned me, and on my account they would treat you as if you were a viper,” remarked the mother, energetically.

“Are they not Christians?” exclaimed the son, in surprise.

“Christians they are, but of the unforgiving kind. They assume the right to oppress, to persecute, and maltreat near unto death whoever differs with them in their views. I am their victim, and they would make you their victim. Better to bear the evils that surround us than to appeal to them for aid. They would mock us, and triumphantly rejoice over our misfortune. I will not disclose to you their name and address. It is thousand times better for you not to know them. Let us do our best and leave the rest to God, who forsakes not the pure in heart and thought,” observed the mother, with calm observation.

On entering their room they found their husband and father waiting. He looked angry, and said: “Give me the change of that five-dollar bill,” which the wife quickly handed to him. Placing it in his vest pocket, he left the premises without uttering another word. He was hardly gone when the landlord, Peter Bismanda, and Paul Parkerland entered.

CHAPTER IV.

"A merry Christmas to you! This gentleman is Mr. Paul Parkerland, my brother-in-law. He is a farmer, and I want to show him how the people dwell in the city. Your room is not straightened up yet. This is unusual with you, I suppose. I hope you have no sickness?" said the landlord in an inquiring tone.

"My husband got up late to-day, and I have just returned from market," answered the unhappy wife and mother, somewhat embarrassed.

"I bring a Christmas gift for your family," said Mr. Bismanda in a quick kindly voice, and he handed her an envelope. Mrs. Martinoff quickly opened it, and took therefrom two cards of membership to the Young Men's Library Association in the names of Martin Martinoff and Conrad Martinoff, and also a letter.

"Please read the letter to your son. It will explain itself."

Mrs. Martinoff read aloud :

"Mr. Martin Martinoff:

"Enclosed I hand you cards of membership to the Young Men's Library Association for yourself and son, which entitle you and your son to the privileges of the reading-room and the use of the library under its rules. I request that you go every evening except Sunday with your son to the reading-rooms, and spend your time there from 8 to 10 o'clock, reading such papers, magazines, and books as suit your inclination. For those two hours there spent in that occupation, I will pay you one dollar, to be credited on the rent due

me, which amounts now to seventy-five dollars, and in that manner you can pay me that debt. Please take notice that henceforth you must pay your rent promptly on the first of every month. I must decline to be a party to the bad example you set your son in not paying your rent when due. Prompt payment is essential to good conduct, and good conduct we all owe to society.

"Trusting that you will find it to your interest to comply with my reasonable request, I am with the kindest feelings and greetings,

"PETER BISMANDA."

Tears of gratitude gathered in the eyes of Mrs. Martinoff, and she exclaimed: "Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your great kindness to me and mine! May God reward it, for I, poor being, can not."

"I am entitled to no thanks. I have done my duty only, as a loyal Christian, by extending a helping hand where help is needed. And what better day could I select than the anniversary day of the Lord's birth?" And with these fitting words, he bowed himself gracefully out of the room, and called on his tenant, John Tafelfeld, who was presenting his photograph to his son.

The photograph was encased in a medallion fastened to a silk cord. In a little presentation speech, he said:

"Carry this, my photograph, always next to your heart, and let it remind you to keep the straight path, to avoid bad company. Don't treat anybody, and don't allow anybody to treat you to a drink; pay as you go; keep out of debt, and aim to be the very personification of manly honor."

"That is good advice," said Mr. Bismanda approvingly, and he added: "I had no desire to disturb this pleasant ceremony, but it has been a treat to me to

witness it. Your son ought to fare well on his life's journey. Should he decide to become a merchant, I will give him a chance in my store."

"My son shall choose his own calling. Every profession is honorable by which a man can earn an honest living and receive sufficient pay to save something for a rainy day. John, would it suit you to enter the employ of Mr. Bismanda and learn the trade of a merchant?"

The son answered, after a moment's reflection: "Yes, I will gladly enter the employ of Mr. Bismanda and become a merchant. Shall I begin to-morrow morning, and at what hour?" asked he of Mr. Bismanda.

"You may begin your work at my store the day after New Year's at 7 o'clock in the morning. I expect you to be prompt and attentive always," said Mr. Bismanda kindly. And he continued: "I wish you all a merry Christmas, and I must compliment Mrs. Tafelfeld upon having her home so neat."

Mrs. Tafelfeld blushing replied: "Our minister preached a sermon, taking as his subject, 'We have it as we make it,' and he remarked that it is the duty of every wife and mother to make her home as nice as possible, and I made up my mind to have our home as nice as I could."

"My wife is a neat housekeeper; everything must be just so—in good trim," said the husband proudly.

"I am glad to hear that you appreciate her good work, and any time that I can add to your happiness, I on me." And with these words the kind-hearted lord left the premises as abruptly as he came.

John, I congratulate you on your good luck. Now, remember what your good father tells you—to avoid

bad company, and never treat any one, or allow anybody to treat you to drinks. You will thereby save your money, and never get drunk," said the mother, earnestly.

"I will surely remember that," answered the son.

"Yes, my boy," remarked the father; "remember also that everything that exists is meant to be used, but not to be abused. Be moderate in everything. I learned that at the home of Mr. Bernard Leod; through moderation one preserves health and becomes a well-balanced man, and that will——"

Noise in the room above interrupted the elder Tafelfeld in his remarks, and he said: "There must be trouble above, judging from the falling of chairs and the struggle on the floor."

"I hear Mrs. Martinoff cry," observed Mrs. Tafelfeld.

At the same moment loud shrieks were heard—"Help, help! Murder, murder!" At this terrible summons all the tenants rushed pell-mell to the premises of Martin Martinoff. The door was fastened, but stalwart shoulders quickly broke it down, and they beheld the son struggling with his drunken father for the knife that he held, exclaiming: "You shall not succeed in killing my mother while I live."

Some one telephoned for the patrol wagon, which promptly arrived with several policemen, who grasped the infuriated Martin Martinoff and his son Conrad. Both were bleeding, and in that condition were hurried off to prison. Mrs. Martinoff's injuries were kindly attended to by her sympathizing neighbors.

"This is indeed dreadful," said Mrs. Tafelfeld to her husband when they reached their cozy rooms.

"It is horrible to see a husband abuse his wife.

is the natural consequence of a man's degradation by excesses. He has it as he made it. Instead of a comfortable home, he has now a prisoner's cell, and his wife and children are on the brink of ruin. I feel sorry for the wife and their son," observed Tafelfeld.

A gentle knock was given on the door. "Come in," responded Tafelfeld.

A messenger boy came into the room and said: "Are you Mr. John Tafelfeld?"

"That is my name."

"I bring this package for you. Please sign this receipt."

A happy smile wreathed the face of John Tafelfeld as he signed the receipt.

"I see by the expression of your face that you received your usual Christmas gift from Rabbi Mordecai—five pounds of the finest Turkish tobacco, to be smoked by you in your grandfather's pipe," said Mrs. Tafelfeld, joyfully.

"Laura, you guessed it. Rabbi Mordecai favored me again with his very acceptable Christmas gift. Please hand me my grandfather's pipe;" and he quickly filled it with the faultless tobacco and began smoking placidly, in peace with himself, in peace with his family, and in peace with the whole world. After taking several puffs, and watching the smoke as it curled, he said: "It would not at all surprise me to learn that Rabbi Mordecai recommended my son John to Mr. Peter Bismanda. Verily, how true is the saying, 'Cast thy bread upon the water; it will come back to thee and thine after many days.'"

* * * * *

On leaving the home of John Tafelfeld, Mr. Peter Bismanda remarked to his brother-in-law: "I wanted a

boy in my store, and, on mentioning it to Rabbi Mordecai, he highly recommended the son of my tenant, John Tafelfeld, whom he knows from boyhood. They were born and reared together in the same place in the old country. That recommendation was sufficient to give the lad a chance."

"I like the looks of the boy and that of his parents and their abode. I never saw floors scrubbed so clean. It must have taken strong arms and willing hands to get that floor so white. How different those rooms looked on the floor above."

On reaching the residence of his host, Paul Parkerland said: "Peter, there is a good deal in the old saying, 'Live and learn.' I have learned something to-day by seeing how people live in tenement houses in a large city. In the same house you see on one floor thrift and cleanliness, and on the next floor laziness and sloth. Your patience as a landlord and your great liberality astonished me. The idea of making a present of seventy-five dollars to a man who occupied the rooms for months without paying the rent to that amount, and still to write him a letter and close it with the words, 'With kindest feelings and greetings!' If that man had owed me that money, I should have garnisheed his earnings and served him a notice to move; that's what I would have done!"

"Such were my views, too, before I became intimately acquainted with Rabbi Mordecai. His reasoning and his broad humanity changed me from an exacting man to a generous man. He convinced me that it is our duty to let our fellow-men share our prosperity. Had I collected the seventy-five dollars in the manner you said, it would have added to my bank account, but made me poorer in noble feelings.

Did you notice the gratitude shining in the eyes of that poor woman when I lifted the heavy care from her spirit that the debt of seventy-five dollars caused? Her happiness increased my happiness. I will be happy to learn that the father and the son are spending their evenings in the library instead of in a saloon; and who can tell what they may, through those visits, invent in the mechanical arts that will enrich the country. My seventy-five dollars may thus be repaid a thousand-fold, directly or indirectly. My aim in life now is to do all the good I can, and what better deed is there than to lift the lowly to a higher plane of prosperity and happiness? There is altogether too much indifference practiced by well-to-do people toward the poor. Some of them pray a great deal, but give very little genuine help to the needy. It is a prevailing rule among a large mass of Christians to say to the needy: 'Help yourself; pass on, pass on; sink or swim.' That is not the case with the Jews. They take the deepest interest in their poor. They aid them to become self-supporting, and that kind of charity is the right kind, and I have adopted it as my method," observed Peter Bismanda enthusiastically.

"That Rabbi Mordecai must be a very eloquent man to have made such a deep impression on you, for I well remember the time when a dollar was as large as a cart-wheel to you," remarked Paul Parkerland good-naturedly.

"Every man who is earnest in his views, and has the intelligence to express them, is eloquent. Rabbi Mordecai is an earnest teacher of one God and one common brotherhood. He has converted me to that belief," observed Bismanda, as if speaking to himself.

"I would like to make his acquaintance—see and

hear him, and judge for myself of the real merits of the man," said Parkerland.

"Adele told me that he will visit us this evening. I will send my carriage for him," ringing the bell for the coachman, who quickly appeared.

"At half-past seven this evening take my team to the residence of Rabbi Mordecai and tell him that I send my carriage for him, with my compliments."

"Which carriage shall I use—the old, or the new?"

"The new. And take plenty of covering along, as it is growing colder, and place it snugly around him, so that he is comfortable on his way here."

"Well, I declare! You seem to care a great deal about that Jew," remarked Paul Parkerland in a depreciating tone.

"He is the man above all men whom I delight to honor, for I know his worth. You seem to be prejudiced against the Jews, because you do not know their worth—what their presence in the world has done and is doing for the good of mankind," said Peter Bismanda earnestly.

* * * * *

While this conversation was going on in the parlor of Peter Bismanda, Rabbi Mordecai was in his library. He was of medium height, with a firm frame, well rounded, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle. His eyes were brown with a grayish hue, bright and brilliant as stars; his face round; his cheeks rosy, notwithstanding his fifty years. His chin was large, and adorned with a full beard of a brownish color. His mouth was firm, even in repose. His voice was melodious and rich in tone. His manners were exceptionally graceful and pleasing. The depth of his learning was great. He was a linguist,

and could express himself admirably in twenty languages with the accent of a native. His mind was a vast storehouse of knowledge on every conceivable subject, precisely arranged. Everything was in its place, to be used with lightning speed as the occasion required. His memory was prodigious. And these great possessions were crowned with oratorical powers and a heart full of the tenderest sympathy for the poor and lowly. The large salary which he received from his opulent congregation and the liberal perquisites of his patrons melted like March snow under a July sun by reason of his charitable gifts. It kept him poor in money and property, but it made him rich in happiness by being a help to those who needed it; and that happiness kept him young, vigorous, and without a wrinkle on his handsome countenance.

He stepped to his large book-case and took from it the Talmud, and recited the following beautiful lines :

“Golden volumes ! richest treasures !
Objects of delicious pleasures ;
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize !
Brilliant wits and tusing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages,
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory.
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes, you have not deceived.”

He opened the Talmud. The book looked yellow from age. On the margin of its pages were comments written in red, blue, black, and green inks in the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Spanish, Portugese, French, Polish, and German languages, thus giving evidence that the book passed with its former owners through those

countries. He began to read and re-read the comments on the margins of the pages in the different languages, and so absorbed was he in this study that he did not notice the entrance of his wife, a woman of noble presence and beautiful, notwithstanding her age. Tenderly she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said in the sweetest voice, "My husband, a letter came for you," and she handed it to him. He kissed her hand and said, "If this letter contains as good news and noble thoughts as you are good and noble, then it indeed will bring me cheering information."

"I hope the letter contains good news. I will not disturb you," and the wife left the library.

He opened the letter quickly, as he noticed the post-mark, "Kieff, Russia," and eagerly read the contents, which gave a full description of the heartless persecutions of the Jews in Russia, especially in Kieff. Tears of the deepest sympathy gathered in his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Shadai, how long will these persecutions of Thy chosen people last? Shadai, answer me." The letter dropped from his hands, for he seemed lost in thought. Of a sudden he exclaimed: "I hear Thee, O God! that it will last as long as ignorance, bigotry, and jealousy will last."

That answer made him shudder, for he knew from personal experience what hard work it required, and how long it took, to supplant ignorance with enlightenment and bigotry with tolerance. As for jealousy, there is hardly a cure for it. These thoughts made him unhappy, and he walked up and down the room reasoning with himself. At last he said: "All that I have read and all that I have observed in the world lead me to the conclusion that the ways of God are wonderful. These very persecutions of my brethren

may be a blessing in disguise—perhaps to arouse the children of Israel to nobler achievements in the universe. And what nobler achievement could the Israelites accomplish than to convert the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the heathens to Judaism? This is a heroic work for a heroic people; and are not the Israelites heroes? Did it not require the whole power of the Roman Empire to destroy their Temple and to capture their country, and did not the conquered conquer their conquerors through their thoughts? The Romans are nowhere now, and the Israelites are everywhere—not as obstructors or mendicants, but as great factors in the world of thought and enterprise, which they quicken into the liveliest activity by their presence and masterful energy. To be great factors in the world of thought and enterprise, in spite of eighteen hundred years of incomparable persecutions, which made every Israelite an outcast and a pariah of society, likely to be maimed and spat upon by almost every person he came in contact with, required a sturdy manhood and a heroism unparalleled in the world!”

These thoughts and words enabled him to cast off the gloom that mantled his spirit, and he continued :

“It is now clear to my mind that it is the duty of the Israelites to convert the Christians, Mohammedans, and heathens to the faith of Israel, to proselyte them by the power of the pen and tongue. Most of them have already accepted the Ten Commandments as the solid foundation of a correct life. All that is needed is to convince them of the unity of God, who is the merciful Redeemer of the whole human race.”

“You seem to be so deeply absorbed that you do not

notice me. I came to tell you that Mr. Peter Bismanda sent his carriage for you, and if you intend to spend the evening there you must dress in your evening costume," said the wife tenderly.

"Yes, my dear, I will wear my dress suit, as I intend to pass this evening there, where fashionable dress is expected."

"To look our best is a duty that we owe to ourselves and to those whom we visit," remarked the wife, escorting her husband to his dressing-room and assisting him in making his toilet properly.

"Your remarks are correct, but I fear that the mothers and daughters in Israel dress too richly, wear too many costly ornaments, which arouses envy and its natural result, hatred," observed the Rabbi in a tone as if speaking to himself.

The wife made no other answer than an approving nod, and handed her husband his cane. They kissed affectionately as they parted.

The coachman, agreeable to his instructions, placed ample wraps around the Rabbi and rapidly drove the spirited span to the residence of his employer,

"I am so glad you came, Nabi Mordecai," joyfully exclaimed Adele as he entered the hall.

"You must not call me Nabi. Rabbi is my title," said he good-naturedly to the happy girl.

"Nabi sounds nicer," answered Adele, taking hold of his hand with child-like simplicity, leading him into the large dining-room, where her father and Uncle Paul lingered. The table was cleared, with the exception of a few bottles of Tokay wine and three large wine-glasses and a plate of butter cakes.

The host arose to receive his guest and introduced him to his brother-in-law, Paul Parkerland, farmer at

Grovedale and the 'Squire of the county for the past twenty years.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Esquire Parkerland, and especially am I pleased to meet you in this home, which is pre-eminent for its hospitality."

"I am happy to know you too, Rabbi Mordecai; my brother-in-law thinks a great deal of you. You have impressed him as a man of great merit."

"We have exchanged views on many topics, and our minds having met, our feeling toward each other became congenial. This permits us to calmly debate questions viewed from all phases. Such discussions dispel error, and error obstructs the progress of humanity to universal happiness," remarked Rabbi Mordecai with candor.

"That is a broad scope, universal happiness," observed 'Squire Parkerland.

"It embraces the whole human race," answered the Rabbi promptly.

"Pray tell me, Rabbi, what will cause universal happiness to the whole human race. Answer me that question fully in the space of time that I can hold up my arm without fatigue."

"Impartial justice rendered to every individual, without distinction as to race, creed, sex, or age, will lead to universal happiness," immediately and earnestly replied Rabbi Mordecai.

"This is well said, but can it be well done, considering our human imperfections, our likes and dislikes?" asked 'Squire Parkerland, thoughtfully.

"We are perfect in our organism to render impartial justice, if we have the love and fear of God vividly impressed upon our hearts and minds. Those who are not so impressed can hardly be expected to

render impartial justice, for they are at sea without a compass and without sufficient ballast. They are likely to sail into the wrong harbor, or sink into the depths of selfishness, which would wreck the justice they should render."

"According to your views, just expressed, impartial justice toward all, leading to universal happiness, is impossible without sincere and implicit love and fear of God."

"That is correct," answered Rabbi Mordecai promptly; and he added: "Let us all beware of the man who occupies an exalted position, and has not the love and fear of God deeply impressed in his being. Impartial justice cannot be expected of such a man. His self-love and self-interest, either directly or indirectly, will make him an unjust man, and he will be a hindrance, instead of a help, in establishing universal happiness for humanity."

While Rabbi Mordecai and 'Squire Parkerland were thus animated in the great question of universal happiness, Mr. Bismanda quietly uncorked a bottle of Tokay, filled the glasses brimful, and said: "My friends, let us drink to the glory of the day, to Him who was born and lived to preach love, for love is the beginning of happiness."

The three friends, for such they now were, drank heartily, standing, with their heads bowed reverently.

"I compliment you upon your Tokay. It is the genuine. It is the best quality," remarked Rabbi Mordecai, as he placed the empty glass on the table.

"I buy it of a reliable importer, pay him a first-class price, and I am glad you find it to be of the best quality," remarked Mr. Bismanda in a happy tone.

"You well said that love is the beginning of hap"

ness, and so it is to a very large extent. But love, as a rule, is more or less selfish. Unselfish love is the exception, while the love of justice is pure, for it has truth for a foundation, and borders on divinity. Only through the general practice of impartial justice can mankind become truly happy and truly great," observed the Rabbi thoughtfully.

"Would it not be necessary to remodel society before the general practice of impartial justice could be thoroughly established?" asked 'Squire Parkerland.

"It requires one action only of every individual, and that is for him to live up to the injunction, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' This is the essence of monotheism. It is the centralization of love, of universal equality, of universal benevolence, leading to universal happiness," answered Rabbi Mordecai with enthusiasm.

"I admit that this would be a happy state; but can it be accomplished, and how?" remarked Esquire Parkerland.

"Through monotheism that has not been corrupted by polytheism or by atheism. The love and fear of God is the beginning of all the noble virtues of man. It makes every home a temple, every table an altar, every husband and father a high priest, every wife and mother a high priestess, and their children reverential devotees. From such homes step forth men and women who always practice impartial justice. They truly observe the injunction, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' The practice of impartial justice is as natural to them as inhaling the atmospheric waves, and if the masses would live and act in that spirit, they would become a *holy people*.

"Only of a people that are holy in their feelings can

we expect impartial justice, universal peace, and universal happiness. War would then become a thing of the sad past. There would be no more need of standing armies, war vessels, and no more armaments which cost the ransom of an empire and consumes the substance of the people. A part of that money thus saved could be devoted to educational purposes. Every child throughout the whole world could then receive a thorough education and be fitted for such a career as its talents and inclinations demand."

"What changes would you recommend in our present school system?" asked 'Squire Parkerland, greatly interested.

"The changes that I recommend are radical. They aim to emancipate the people from the horrors of materialism and the demon of extreme vanity which gnaws into the very vitals of health and noble manhood. It is this insatiable hunger for riches and show that causes the conflict between capital and labor, that leads to private and public corruption. And how could it be otherwise, when the standard for distinction is not exemplary conduct and learning, but only wealth. The questions now asked are not about the conduct and the ingenuity of the man, but how much is he worth? What is his rating? If he be poor, even though he be a sterling man in every respect, he is nevertheless considered a nonentity. Society, with only wealth as the basis for distinction, is doomed to corruption and terrorism. For the sake of obtaining wealth, the sacred ties between husband and wife, between parents and their children, become loosened. Love and reverence are weakened, if not entirely extinguished, and their rights brutally trampled under the iron heel of extreme selfishness. And this selfish-

ness extends to the employer and employe, and is detrimental to the welfare of the people in the legislative halls and courts of justice, whose officers bow not before God, but to him who possesses the most dollars or their equivalent. As a natural consequence, the rich man's cause has a favorable hearing and decision. A stop to this downward course must be made, and it can only be achieved by making the standard of social distinction *noble conduct and learning of a high order*, and this new rule can only be successfully inaugurated through the education of the rising generations. Therefore, to begin with, kindergartens must be established throughout the whole country, which must be conducted under the best system. When the child has reached the proper age it must be sent to the public schools. It *must* be sent there, under the direction and care of its parents or guardians, until it has reached the age of ten. When ten years old, the boys and girls, without any distinction as to wealth, should be placed under the charge of the State from Monday morning till Friday noon of every week until the boys reach the age of twenty-one and the girls eighteen years. During that entire period the State is to clothe, house, and provide them proper food, except during Saturday and Sunday, when they are to be under the care of their parents or guardians. During their school days they all must wear the uniform furnished by the State, which must be plain, but comfortable. The corset and tight shoes and high heels must positively be excluded from female wearing apparel. The food should be plain, but nourishing, and must be prepared by the scholars themselves, as that must be a part of their education."

"Where would you have these schools?" asked 'Squire Parkerland,

"The schools should be away from large cities. The grounds must consist of at least seven hundred acres, beautifully laid out, and on which should be erected school buildings perfectly equipped for the instruction of the scholars in every art of human occupation and ingenuity. The teachers and professors should be the ablest in the world, and be treated with distinction. The dwelling houses for the scholars are to be constructed on sanitary principles, with a view to comfort and pleasant surroundings, which should be taken care of by its occupants. The facilities for amusements must be ample, with a view to physical and mental development during the hours of recreation. The discipline must be liberal, but strict. It shall embrace order, cleanliness, self-reliance, and self-help, and the practice of politeness and good will to one another. The best transportation shall be furnished to the scholars by the State free of charge every Monday morning to the school grounds, and every Friday noon to their respective homes. Saturday and Sunday should be devoted to religious instruction in accordance with the faith of the parents. Can you imagine a race of men and women brought up under such happy auspices, in whom the love of vanity for dress and the greed for money has been supplanted by the love of learning and the ambition to make a mark of great distinction in the world of thought or mechanical and agricultural ingenuity? Can you imagine the beneficial effect that those well-trained and intellectually developed children would have on their parents?" said Rabbi Mordecai, feelingly.

"It would be the greatest gospel and temperance

preaching that the world ever received or heard in all its glory," exclaimed Paul Parkerland, enthusiastically.

"It would achieve more than that: it would stop the conflict between capital and labor; it would throttle the growth of materialism; it would dethrone extreme vanity and selfishness, and lead mankind to a higher plane," said Rabbi Mordecai, earnestly.

"Kindly state your reasons for such great achievements," requested Mr. Bismanda.

"My reasons are these: By placing the children in the schools under the charge of the State until they reach manhood and womanhood, we withdraw from the shops and factories a whole army of underpaid workers, and at the same time prevent the melancholy and deplorable competition of children of tender age with their parents, grown-up brothers and sisters, which competition greatly reduces the price of labor. If this unreasonable competition ceases, it will secure higher wages for those employed, thus enabling them to live in greater comfort and save something for the future. It will promote marriage and increase the birth of children; and as the parents will be relieved of providing food and clothing for their children from the age of ten until they grow to maturity, it will assist them to provide themselves with homes of their own, which will make them more contented. The possession of great wealth would lose its main charm. Gaudy and costly attire to add to female charms would cease, as ability and utility, and not beauty, would then be the great attraction. Men and women would no longer build castles in the air, but build homes of their own, earned and saved by their own efforts, in which they would live in happy unison of mutual help and

help to their fellow-men. Those would be homes where the Spirit of Jehovah would delight to visit and shed His glory over them," and with these words the Rabbi clasped his hands in prayer, lifted his eyes heavenward, and exclaimed in imploring tones: "Jehovah, I pray Thee! hasten those happy days, when all Thy children would thus live and glorify Thee alone! Thou bountiful giver of all that is good!"

"Amen!" responded Mr. Peter Bismanda piously.

"How nice it would be, papa, if instead of seeing little girls and boys selling newspapers and chewing-gum on the streets, or collecting wood and coal on the railroad tracks, at the risk of being maimed, they would be in school learning how to become useful to themselves and others," remarked Adele, gleefully.

"Yes, my daughter, that would be nice," answered the father; and tears gathered in his eyes as he murmured: "Marsena! Marsena! How happy would I be if you could witness this glorious developement of our darling daughter. She is just like you were—noble in thought and feeling."

"Nabi Mordecai, please proceed with your observations on education and the improvement of all," pleaded Adele.

"You again call me Nabi. I am only a Rabbi, and to Rabbi Mordecai you promised to play 'The Prophet' this evening.

"Yes; I telephoned you I would play 'The Prophet,' and I will now, if it would please Uncle Paul to hear me."

"Of course it would. I am very fond of music; but nowadays they play differently from the way they did when I was a young man," observed the Squire and they all arose to go to the reception room,

Adele Bismanda played "The Prophet" magnificently, and was greatly applauded. Her uncle requested her to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America," which she played delightfully.

Rabbi Mordecai remarked: "Music puts the soul in tune. It contributes to the wealth of the body and the mind. The lively and harmonious strains of the instruments stimulate the circulation of the blood; they dissipate vapors and open the vessels, so that the action of perspiration is more easy. The power of music to minds that are troubled, or even diseased, is enormously beneficial. The Scriptures record that David, in his youth, was employed to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp! This should serve as a hint to the board of trustees and to the medical staff of every insane asylum to make use of music to effect a cure of the insane. Naturalists assert that animals and birds, as well as 'knotted oaks,' are sensible to the charms of music; and they illustrate their assertions by the following example: An officer was confined in the Bastille. He begged the governor to allow him the use of his lute, to soften the rigors of his prison. After playing on his lute for a few days, he was greatly astonished to see a great number of mice frisking out of their holes, and crowds of spiders descending from their woven habitations, and they all formed a circle about him while he was playing his soul-inspiring instrument. When he ceased playing, the assembly, which did not come to see his person but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up," remarked Rabbi Mordecai; and he added, "Perhaps I am wearying you with my observations."

"No, you don't! No, you don't! I love to hear you; I learn so much by what you say, and your

voice seems to me to be the lute you are telling of," said Adele, with childish grace.

"You flatterer, you have inherited it from your good mother; it is a valuable heritage, if properly used. Well, to please you, I will continue my remarks on music. It was Marville who doubted that it was natural for animals to love music, especially the sound of instrments. One day, in the country, he inquired into the truth; and while a man was playing on the trumpet-marine, he made observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, a cock and hens which were in a yard under a window against which he leaned. He noticed that the cat was least affected. The horse stopped short from time to time before the window, raising his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass. The dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player. The ass did not display the least indication of his being touched. The hind lifted up her large, wide ears, and seemed very attentive. The cows slept a little, awoke, gazed and went forward. The birds almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock minded only his hens, who were solely busy in scraping a dunghill, and manifested not the least pleasure in hearing the trumpet-marine. My kinsman, Benjamin Disraeli, wrote of music: 'O music! Miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power! First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects, with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds,

the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak the secret of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love, our treasured hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! And, lastly, by thy mysterious melodies, thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he had lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor and its gates of unimaginable glory!" exclaimed Rabbi Mordecai, with indescribable joy.

"Never did I know that there is so much beauty and such a fascinating power in music as I do now," said Paul Parkerland, in a tone as if speaking to himself.

Peter Bismanda was affected to tears—joyous tears—by the eloquent description, and he kissed the brow of his daughter, saying: "Adele, you must keep on practicing your music in good earnest. It is the language of the soul. Who knows but that those harmonious tones are the means of the departed spirits to cheer in this manner their loved ones whom they have left behind in this world of responsibilities and cares? And now go and retire and have a restful sleep, my good child, my noble Adele."

"Papa, dear, please invite Rabbi Mordecai to call on us soon again. How clearly he explains everything. I love to listen to him. Will you, papa?"

"Yes, I will," and he kissed her. Adele, making a graceful bow to the guest and to her uncle, retired to her room, and great was her astonishment not to find Bridget awaiting her, as usual.

"Let us go back to the dining-room and drink to the memory of the great musical composers. They all deserve our gratitude and admiration," said Mr. Bismanda.

"The toast is a fitting one," observed the Rabbi, as they followed their host.

They tipped their glasses, and Rabbi Mordecai said: "To the blessed memory of the bards and the great musical composers. They are the brightest stars in the firmament of refining genius. Through their achievements we are enabled to make earth a heaven."

"To make earth a heaven is the highest achievement for mankind to accomplish," remarked Mr. Bismanda.

"Can it be accomplished? That is the great question," exclaimed Squire Parkerland.

"It can, through impartial justice—that justice which imperatively demands us to give every individual the broadest opportunity for enlightenment, and to utilize their talents for their own benefit and society. There is only one curse in this world, and that is ignorance. Through ignorance man becomes unreasonable, and hates instead of loves; quarrels instead of living in peace; covets more than he can possibly use with comfort, and thus man becomes avaricious which blinds his judgment, blinds his justice; which leads him to acts that embitter his own existence and that of others. This has the tendency to make earth a hell instead of a heaven. Ignorance is a curse and enlightenment a blessing. It is man's duty to supplant ignorance with enlightenment," said Rabbi Mordecai, earnestly.

"This brings us back to your great plan of general education 'on a higher plane,' diffusing practical knowledge broadcast among the people, with a view that

every man and woman should be capable of self-help, which is, alas! not the case under the present system of education. But what puzzles me is, where in the name of common sense can we get so much money which is needed to carry out this new system that promises so much for general welfare?" said Paul Parkerland, thoughtfully.

"If the State is able to raise a large revenue for war purposes, it must be able to provide the means for peaceful purposes. If the State claims the right to drill the sons of a country as soldiers to such an extent that by the command of the superior officer they kill their kindred and parents, the State should exercise that sovereignty to educate the children for peaceful purposes—not to kill and maim, but to preserve life and make it happy to every one. To maintain peace and to promulgate happiness in general should be the aim of civilization. What are the present methods of the civilized countries to maintain peace? Their methods are to be well prepared for war, and they believe that will maintain peace. This method requires, in Europe alone, standing armies of more than ten million soldiers, thoroughly equipped to take the field at a moment's notice. The sea is covered with steel-clad vessels fitted with guns and explosives that render destruction, havoc, and annihilation. The expense of maintaining such armies and armaments is enormous. It impoverishes the nations, and they have to toil to earn at least one thousand millions of dollars to pay the yearly interest on their debts. It has been computed that the cost of supporting the armies, the navies, and the factories for new military equipments amount to six million dollars a day, and all these vast sums are expended in order to be enabled to kill one

another in the quickest manner and in the largest number. If six million dollars a day would be expended by these very nations for educational purposes, they would become nations of peace; and instead of killing one another, they would love one another, like the founder of Christianity preached two thousand years ago, and whose doctrines have been accepted by those very nations. Those nations have the command, but do not obey it, and naturally feel the dire consequences, which impoverish the masses and hinder, and in many instances prevent, the consummation of marriage. Ten million women are deprived of their natural rights to become married, because ten million men are wasting their best years serving as soldiers, educated to kill their fellow-men at the command of their superior officer. It is a deplorable state of affairs, and if the people of the United States fully adopt that method of civilization, we, too, will be obliged to uphold large armies—not for the interest of the people, but for the interest of a class who by their consummate skill have amassed enormous riches, by which the middle classes have been pressed out of existence and have swelled the large army of the poor, who depend for their daily bread upon the successful monopolist.” The Rabbi paused in his remarks, wiped away the tears that gathered in his eyes, and then continued: “It makes me sad to think of it, that the people of the United States should become impoverished and the great republic itself be destroyed. God forbid it, and prevent such a great calamity. We must now adopt the measure to raise a large revenue for educational purposes on a scale unparalleled in the history of the world. At the same time we must take the first practical step toward having the earnings of every individua

increased to such an extent as to prevent enormous riches accumulating in a few hands.

“By removing all the children from the labor market, labor becomes scarcer, and will therefore be better paid. And as all children will be clothed and fed by the State from the age of ten to twenty-one years, it will enable every family to save sufficient money to buy a home of their own, and at the same time also enable every man and every woman throughout the United States to pay every month \$2.50 school tax, said tax to be deducted from the wages by the employer, and be paid by him to the State. Every employe who is in arrears in payment of this tax must agree to pay it from his first earnings paid him by his new employer. His unpaid tax must first be paid, as such tax must be held sacred and binding upon all. Under our present system such a tax would be oppressive, but not under this new system, where the large army of children are removed from the shops to the schools, and thus allow higher wages for the grown people. Where now the parents have to provide their children with food and clothing until they become of age, under the new system the State would pay it out of the school fund. Tax one-eighth of one per cent on all the sales made at retail, wholesale, and on the stock exchanges, and a license on all bankers and insurance companies in accordance with the amount of their yearly transactions, said tax to be paid monthly. All real estate is to be listed every two years, and unimproved lots in villages and cities are to be taxed to their full market value; and if the owner objects to pay the tax, the State shall have the right to pay the owner the market price and sell same to parties willing to buy it. Unimproved farm land shall also be taxed at the mar-

ket value; and if the owner objects to pay the tax, the State shall have the right to pay the owner the market price and sell such farm land to those who want to buy it. By these acts the people would be enabled to buy a lot of ground at a reasonable price, and build their own homes, and also prevent large bodies of farm land remaining in the hands of speculators, who, by having their property listed at a low price, not only escape proper taxes thereon, but are enabled to enhance the value of their possessions at the expense of the merchant and manufacturer, whose properties are listed every year to nearly their correct value. And they have to pay a higher tax rate, because the unimproved property escapes being frequently listed, and not listed at the right value. These unjust discriminations have the tendency to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Throngs live in tenement houses which are shamefully overcrowded, to the detriment of both health and morality. Civilization of a high order must correct these abuses, and it is high time that, at the close of this nineteenth century, we should take the right steps to uproot the present deplorable system that enslaves the masses and drives thousands of persons to despair. These seek relief in drink, or some other self-murder. Our present system also prevents the marriage of thousands of healthy young people who yearn for the bliss of wedded life. They find they can not afford it; and those who muster courage enough to marry deplore the birth of children, and, alas! many prevent their birth, which is a sin that cries before God and man, and for those sins every family throughout the length and breadth of our country is more or less seriously and deservedly punished," exclaimed Rabbi Mordecai, in a bitter tone.

"Rabbi, kindly explain that to me—how I, as a farmer, can be seriously and deservedly punished if some foolish married couple prevent the birth of children," asked Squire Parkerland, earnestly.

"The less children are born to a family, so much less affection they have in that family, and so much less demand they have for food and for wearing apparel. You as a farmer are interested in having a large demand for flour, for potatoes, for fruit, for milk, butter and eggs, chickens and meats, and whatever else you may raise. The larger the demand, the better price you will obtain for your produce. The less children there are to each family, so much less demand there is for your produce, and the price declines with the demand. It has the same effect on the manufacturers. Every baby that is born creates a demand for nearly every profession in the marts of the world. Hence the more children that are born, so much more demand is there for everything that sweetens existence; for around the cradle of every baby, be it ever so poor, crowd willing hands to receive it and add to its comfort to the best of their abilities, and this explains to me the saying of the gentle Jesus, 'Bring the children unto me.' Children not only strengthen our affections, but they give an impetus to commerce, and even up the wealth of a country. Suppose the parents are possessed of one hundred thousand dollars, and they have seven children; their property is divided into seven parts, and each child forms in due time a family with the seventh part of one hundred thousand dollars. Now, suppose they have only one son; that son inherits the whole hundred thousand dollars. Another family who are worth one hundred thousand dollars have only one daughter, and those two orphans marry. We have then one fam-

ily with two hundred thousand dollars capital, instead of fourteen families with two hundred thousand dollars. In this manner capital accumulates in fewer hands, and crushes out general competition. Under our present system we not only are exposed to have the standard for social distinction to be the possession of wealth, to have our law-makers and executors of law become corrupt, but it also extends its destructiveness to the very fountain of human life. We owe it to God, we owe it to our own manhood, we owe it to the unborn generations, to make a halt in this destruction that can only lead to the humiliating slavery of the masses, or to bloodshed and anarchy. We must enlarge the avenues of general education. We must relieve the labor market of infant labor, and thereby advance the wages of those who work. We must give relief to the masses by having their children educated and maintained by the State while they pass through their course of education. We must have a just valuation of every kind of property, whether real or personal. And in every instance where the owner of such property claims that the State is unjust, the State shall have the right to purchase such property and sell same to the highest bidder, pay the owner the valuation price, and pay the balance into the school fund. There should be a graded inheritance tax. The larger the estate, so much larger should it be taxed, and no family should be entitled to inherit a larger estate than ten million dollars. All over that sum must be paid into the school fund for the good of all. This would be a just law, for it stands to reason that any man who has within the space of a lifetime made more than ten million dollars, has overreached his fellow-men to such extent that he caused unjust

legislation, executions and court decisions that favored his overreaching schemes at the expense of the people; and it is therefore but just that such ill-gotten gains should revert to the public funds, to be used for general education on the scale of the new system," observed Rabbi Mordecai, with great earnestness.

"I agree with you that the birth of children is beneficial to the family and to society in general, but I can not see why I should be deservedly punished for the omission, or, better said, for the prevention, of child-birth. How did I become a party to the crime that cries before God and man?" asked 'Squire Parkerland.

"You, as well as every other citizen of the Republic, are more or less responsible for the prevailing crime by not electing legislators and judges who would enact laws for the severe punishment of this dastardly crime; by not electing ministers for the pulpit who have the moral courage to denounce it; and also by not paying any attention to the shameful overcharges (which draw the life-blood from a man's earnings) that the people are subjected to—as, for instance, the charge for gaslight. That light does not cost one cent for a thousand cubic feet to produce it, yet the people are charged, as a rule, one dollar per thousand cubic feet. Water rent is equally high; the same may be said of street-car fare, telephone charges, and the cost of telegraph messages. These and other overcharges consume the earnings of the people, and they become too poor to marry and to raise a family of children. For this state of affairs you, like everybody else who pays no attention to the real welfare of the people, are deservedly punished by having harder times

through the shrinkage of values and the increasing difficulty of keeping the balance *in statu quo*."

"I see now ; we have it as we make it," observed 'Squire Parkerland.

"So we have ; and the sooner it is the better it will be when every man will recognize that we are no longer living in that age when man exclaimed, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We are living in an age when it is the bounden duty of every man to see to it that every man, woman, and child has the broadest opportunities for improving their condition, and anything that hinders such opportunities must be removed, and the quicker it is removed so much better it will be for the good of all," remarked the Rabbi, with great sincerity.

"We now have your way to raise the revenue for this new system of education, but I believe it will be oppressive to our merchants and business people. It appears to me that the tax of one-eighth of one per cent on all the sales that are made, whether wholesale or retail, would be very burdensome to the trade at large," remarked Peter Bismanda, thoughtfully.

"I am of the same opinion," observed Paul Parkerland.

Rabbi Mordecai smiled and said : "Gentlemen, I have evidently through my recommendations, touched your pockets, but not your hearts, that throb with noble feelings for the common good ; and I will therefore continue to illustrate to you that the tax is not oppressive, when you consider the vast amount of good that it will accomplish, and that self-interest, individually and collectively, imperatively demands its adoption."

"Please proceed. I am anxious to hear you fully on that very interesting topic," remarked 'Squire Parkerland.

"How much do your sales amount to in a year for all your farm products, Squire?"

"They average fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"The tax on that fifteen hundred dollars would amount to one dollar and eighty-seven and one-half cents. Add to this thirty dollars as the school tax, which makes about thirty-two dollars a year. For that amount the State will clothe and provide food and shelter and educate your children from the age of ten to twenty-one years. Would such a tax be a hardship when compared to the benefits rendered?" asked the Rabbi earnestly.

"It would not be a hardship for me to pay it, for to clothe and to provide the meals and private teachers for my daughter are much higher," answered Squire Parkerland promptly.

"I am glad to hear it. No farmer, no mechanic, and no ordinary merchant will find this school tax of thirty dollars per annum, and the tax of one-eighth of one per cent on their yearly sales burdensome. This tax of one-eighth of one per cent, would be oppressive to the monopolist, whose yearly sales amount to from five million dollars to one hundred millions, who, by the power of intellect, wealth, and combinations, crush out of existence thousands of storekeepers who could once make a comfortable living by the helpful co-operation of wife and children. But now they can not compete with the monopolist. Instead of being merchants, they and their children become clerks for the monopolist, who treats them like so many depending slaves. It would be beneficial for all concerned to have that monopolist pay every year one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars school tax on his hundred million

dollars yearly sales. Not only would this large sum of money be used to educate children thoroughly, but at the same time it would prevent those very children from working for the monopolist at starvation wages, which destroys their healthy development," observed Rabbi Mordecai, with much feeling.

"I never thought of this before," remarked Paul Parkerland.

"There is now a monopoly in meat on a gigantic scale, which has already crushed out the slaughtering of cattle, and gradually the monopoly became the only bidder for cattle. It pressed the price for live stock so low that it became unprofitable to raise cattle, and the consequences were that meat advanced fifty per cent., and hides one hundred per cent., which increased the price of foot-gear nearly one hundred per cent. The people had to pay it, and it naturally reduced their savings. Combinations on the stock exchange and boards of trade openly sell millions of bushels of corn and wheat, and millions of bales of cotton (although they have neither on hand, nor expect to have it), either with a view to depressing the price, or to increase it, in accordance with their speculative schemes. It is a historical fact that many steamers lay idle in our sea-ports for many weeks because the price of wheat, corn, and other cereals was bid up so high that it could not be exported, and we thereby lost our foreign trade during that season.

"It is but fair that this traffic in imaginary commodities, which is such a disturbing element in commerce should pay $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 per cent. on their sales to the scho fund; and if such tax would prevent or diminish such speculative transactions, it would be of the greatest benefit to the people of the United States. It wor

also check gambling, and thereby save many individuals and families from utter ruin and disgrace."

"I am told that some of those speculators sell a million bushels of wheat and a million bushels of corn without actually possessing a quart of either. They sell a hundred thousand bales of cotton without possessing a pound of it, and sell thousands of pounds of pork without having an ounce of it in their possession. All these sales seem ridiculous to me, and still they are made daily and are daily telegraphed all over the country, and even across the ocean, in a most business-like manner," observed Squire Parkerland in an inquiring tone.

"It is lawful gambling on an extensive scale. It will continue, and even increase, as long as money remains the basis for social distinction, and as long as such gamblers can manage not to pay the tax that they should pay. This lawful gambling can be checked by a tax of one-eighth of one per cent. in cash on the gross amount of all sales made during the day. This tax would make gambling less profitable, and it would therefore lose its charm," observed Rabbi Mordecai thoughtfully.

"I am of the opinion that the taxation that you propose would check enterprise also," remarked Mr. Peter Bismanda earnestly.

"It will not check legitimate enterprise, but it will strongly tend to check excessive speculation and greed, and that is just exactly what we want. Through excessive speculative greed, man becomes unreasonable, and frequently loses all that nobility that our Divine Father has graciously planted in our nature. Whenever that noble spirit is destroyed, man acts like a hog,

and therefore deserves to be treated like the unclean beast," remarked the Rabbi.

"I must confess that I have met many a man in the marts of commerce who acted hoggish, and I have learned the lesson that it is best not to have any dealings with that kind of human being," said Mr. Bismanda, as if speaking to himself.

"Those are, as a rule, the men who evade paying taxes. They clamor for all the protection the State provides. They want to feel safe in their lives, honor, and property, and at the same time avoid, in every possible way, the payment of taxes that their possessions should bear for the good of all. My new system of general education of all the children on a higher plane, and taxation on the *actual values* and sales made, would reach those hoggish people, who gobble up every benefit that God and society bestow on them, and return as little as possible. They are men ungrateful to God and ungrateful to their country. It is the fault of education. The practice of gratitude and the desire to live and to let live must be inculcated into every child while it passes through a course of education, which the purest men and the clearest thinkers of our great country must devise. This done, we will have fewer ungrateful men and citizens, and fewer tax evaders. Under the new system of a general and a higher education, the possession of wealth will no longer be the requirement for social distinction. We would then have an enlightened people who would love justice and practice honesty in all the relations of life. Under our present system of education and the execution of our laws, we foster a *stuck-up people*. I have frequently observed in our public schools that children of wealthy parents would not mingle w

the children of the poor. I have also remarked that a wealthy woman is unwilling to walk with a poor one from church to their homes, although they were near neighbors and members of the same church. The poor folks notice that they are avoided because they are poor, and they resolve to become rich; greed takes possession of their souls, and they become unreasonable people. Money becomes their god. They worship that god zealously. They never can secure enough money to satisfy them. For the sake of possessing more money, they sacrifice everything that is dear to life—health, contentment, honor, and a clear conscience. Without health, contentment, honor, and a clear conscience, it is not possible to be truly happy," remarked the Rabbi, earnestly.

"You are right there, Rabbi. I have seen plenty of persons who are rich in worldly goods, but poor in health and contentment and without honor, and from their looks and action I should judge that their conscience troubles them a good deal and makes them most miserable," said 'Squire Parkerland.

"The possession of wealth is the only aim of their lives. In order to gather wealth, they adopted the belief that 'the end justifies the means.' They then proceeded to wreck their own lives and cause injury to all who came in contact with them either socially or commercially. Happily, this is the exception and not the rule; but the number of such grasping people is increasing, and if not checked they will soon form a large army," remarked Rabbi Mordecai.

"Can it be checked? That is the question. I believe it is a part of human nature to gather wealth, and the more one has, the more one wants," observed Peter Bismanda.

"There, Peter. Now you speak as you used to when I knew you as a youth. The Rabbi evidently has not entirely reformed you," observed 'Squire Parkerland good-naturedly.

"As far as I am concerned, I have ceased being grasping. I go on smoothly, take a fair profit on my sales, and accommodate my customers as regards terms, but this is not the case with the masses. We see recorded in the newspapers almost every day that there are strikes and lock-outs," answered Mr. Bismanda earnestly.

"These labor troubles are the natural results of poverty and discontent, which our present social organization creates, and which seems to be totally overlooked by our law-makers and law-executors and the pulpit," observed the Rabbi with a deprecating gesture and in a sorrowful tone.

"How so? Please explain your meaning fully," asked 'Squire Parkerland eagerly.

"To explain this fully, I must relate an incident to you which led me to investigate the cause of poverty and discontent among our working people. A member of my congregation, who is a man of great wealth, has his holdings divided, a part is in real estate and a part in personal property. This gentleman came to me once with the request that I should investigate in my own manner why one of his tenants, for years a prompt rent-payer, is now several months in arrears in his rent. The gentleman informed me that his agent recommended peremptory action, nothing less than to give the tenant legal notice to move or to be forcibly ejected with his family from the premises. That landlord was opposed to such harsh measures, and therefore asked my assistance to inquire into the case fully,

and he informed me that he would act upon my advice. I gladly accepted the mission, for it gave me the opportunity to serve some suffering family. It also afforded me the opportunity to study in a practical manner *cause and effect*. As I am a great believer in blood, or, in other words, in ancestry, I went to work to find out the history of the parents of the man who for years paid his rent promptly, and suddenly stopped paying at all. I learned that his parents were of excellent character. They had two daughters and three sons, all well brought up. The father was an able mechanic, and husbanded his earnings. When the older daughter reached the age of eighteen she was courted by a young man, also a mechanic, who was rich in health and love, but poor in money. The father of the bride took one hundred dollars from his savings in order to furnish the home of the young couple, and he did the same when he married off his second daughter. That was not all. The sons-in-law somehow were always in need of money, and many times he was compelled to draw on his savings to pay their rent when due; and many were the bags of flour, of sugar, coffee, tea, and cuts of dried beef that were sent from the mother's cupboard to her married daughters, unknown to the husband and father. His household expenses did not diminish, although the girls were married. The boys grew up. His lodge expenses increased on account of the increased insurance assessments. He found it difficult to lay by anything for the future. One day he came home from his work greatly despondent. His employer had told him that his services were no longer needed on account of a new machine that was invented which a boy of twelve or thirteen years could operate, and whose services they

could obtain for one-eighth of what they paid him. In order to show their good-will, the firm offered the job to his son Johnny, which the husband and father gladly accepted, as that small pittance was now needed to keep starvation from his home. Johnny was withdrawn from the school in order to operate the machine. The machine supplanted the skilled mechanic. For months he was without employment, and all that the noble husband and good father could do was to take the same position as his unskilled son Johnny in the shop. His earnings and his son's were too small to keep them comfortably and allow the father to meet his lodge dues. In the meantime Johnny grew up to manhood, and had the courage to propose to a good, sensible girl, who, like himself, was a millionaire in health, beauty, and concentrated love, but poor indeed in money. They started their wedded life with a few dollars, which under the good management of the wife never diminished, but was never increased, on account of the children that were born to them in quick succession. Every daughter and every son that was born increased their affections and made their home a paradise on earth. They were a happy couple, and lived the life of the just. Nothing marred their happiness except the difficulty of meeting their expenses, which increased as their children grew up, and which were also enlarged by the help they extended to the father, who became feeble, and could work no longer. The money which would have paid their rent paid for the support of the aged parents of the husband. The father died penniless. All the earnings of the son went to pay the funeral expenses. The lodge insurance was forfeited by the non-payment of late assessments, but as he was in every way an exen

plary member, the lodge turned out to a man to attend the funeral of their departed brother. The brothers collected among themselves sufficient money to hire a band of music, and thus to mournful strains and with measured step they escorted the remains of the husband and father and their respected brother to his last resting place. And by their kind attention they thus solaced the poor widow and orphans.

"The widow, penniless, homeless, and in poor health, was naturally taken to her son's home. It crowded the family more than they were crowded before. It increased their expenses, but not the son's earnings, and as all the savings were exhausted by nature's demands, and not by extravagant living, the son found himself unable to pay the rent. The honest and honorable couple struggled along courageously, resolving to do their best in order to pay their landlord. But all of a sudden, notice was given by the owners of the factory that a 'trust' had been formed. They declined to join this 'trust,' and in retaliation and in order to force them to its terms, the 'trust' decided to crush them out of existence. The first move of the 'trust' was the issuance of a schedule of prices which made competition impossible, unless the price for wages was correspondingly reduced. This reduction the mechanics could not, and therefore would not, accept. They barely made a living at the prevailing rate of wages. They all had large families and the aged depending on them for support, as described in the case I thoroughly investigated. Therefore, the employes also organized, and a strike was ordered. The employers were denounced in the harshest terms, and in this manner ill feeling was engendered between capital and labor to the detriment of both. And this

strife will keep on increasing and go beyond the danger line. If the State fails to act with a view to giving relief to the workingmen, who are encompassed in every direction by overcharges of the monopolist, 'trusts,' combinations, excessive greed, and inventions that infant labor can manage and thus take the bread out of the mouth of their parents, the thoughtless State will make the rich richer and the poor poorer. So long as a boy can be substituted for a man at one-eighth of the cost, greed will order the hire of the boy. The man has no chance then of such employment as would enable him to support himself and family properly, and he dies a pauper and probably leaves his widow to the care of an impoverished son, who is poor on account of the present social organization, as in the case I cited."

"Rabbi, don't you think that our working people live rather extravagantly, eat costly food, and dress in finer clothes than they should as working men and working women?" asked 'Squire Parkerland.

"To my mind it appears they do not. They work, and for their work they should be paid sufficiently to eat well, to dress well, and to be comfortably housed, and also to be able to bring up their children as a credit to themselves, their parents, and the State. In addition to all this, the workman should be able to save something for the evening hours of life," answered Rabbi Mordecai, most emphatically. And he added, in a somewhat excited tone, "Would you like to see our workingmen and working women clad in hemp trousers and hemp skirts, walking barefooted, their heads covered with a cap or a handkerchief, looking haggard for the want of good and sufficient nourishment? Such a course would retard civilization a

deaden enterprise. The more wages our workingmen earn, so much better are the times for all the inhabitants of our country. General prosperity demands legislation that would more evenly distribute the abundant riches of our country, even though it diminish the number of our millionaires. Every citizen of the United States should be able to enjoy all the sweets of life, and this can only be accomplished by the displacement of child labor and by checking the power of trusts and combinations."

"You are quite right that the times are better when the workingmen receive larger wages. I have observed it in my business," observed Mr. Bismanda.

"One thing is certain, that the welfare of the people demands that the 'trusts' and other combinations, including the monopolists, which impoverish the people, and which gradually enslave them, must be taught the lesson to be more reasonable in their charges, and they must be at least hedged in," said the Rabbi, in a patriotic spirit.

"Rabbi Mordecai, please explain to me how 'trusts' or combinations are formed, and the ultimate object of the promoters of such 'trusts' or combinations. I as a farmer do not understand what is meant by 'trusts' or combinations. All I know about them is that the goods I buy either become cheaper or dearer by the action of the 'trust,'" said 'Squire Parkerland.

"A 'trust,' or combination, is formed by some of the large manufacturers of certain indispensable articles, under the plea of preventing over-production, while, in fact, its purpose is to enrich the promoters of the 'trust' first, then the 'trust,' at the expense of the public. The scheme is very alluring. Every manufacturer who joins the 'trust' lists his plant and

good-will far above its actual cost and value. To illustrate the situation, say the plant did cost \$10,000. He places its value at \$200,000. The rest who form the 'trust' do the same, and form a capital to meet the greatly inflated figures, and issue bonds to bear high interest, preferred stock and common stock. All these securities are placed on the stock exchanges of the world to be bought and sold, and to be gambled in at pleasure. The actual value of these securities can only be increased by the prompt payment of the interest on the bonds, and the dividends that the preferred and common stock will pay. Hence it is the effort of the 'trust' to control the market for the exclusive benefit of the 'trust,' and the special advantage of those who are at the head of it. In order to obtain higher prices for their product, the output is limited, and frequently large establishments are closed and hundreds of employes are thrown out of work, which makes the wages for those who are employed lower. The rich thus grow richer and the poor poorer. As competition is crushed out, the public must pay higher prices for the wares essentially needed for their comfort. While this overreaching of the workman and the public is going on smoothly, the legislators and the executors of our laws are as cold and silent as the grave. The rich are courted. Their cause is the cause that receives attention. The poor are neglected and ignored, and as long as they are neglected, we will always have them with us, and their increase on one side and the multi-millionaires on the other will endanger the public weal. Pinching poverty is very frequently the cause of vice and appalling crime, and is excessive wealth. To prevent the growth of poverty on one side and the growth of excessive wealth

on the other is worthy the highest statesmanship. Such statesmanship we must exercise in the United States to secure lasting peace and happiness to our entire population, and to serve as a model to the whole civilized world," exclaimed the Rabbi, devotedly.

"I say a hearty amen to this," said Mr. Bismada.

"I join you Peter, in that amen," said Paul Parkerland earnestly, and he added: "The task you propose, Rabbi Mordecai, seems to me impossible of accomplishment, especially if I consider how easily people nowadays create wealth. For example, the way you picture the formation of a 'trust.' Millions of capital are brought into existence as by a miracle, and that capital can be and is swayed to crush everything and everybody who comes in the way of its earning big dividends on the inflated capital thus created."

"This was done through wisdom, and it requires superior wisdom to use this very 'trust' for the good of all. My proposition to withdraw the children from the labor market and send them to school to be maintained by the State from the age of ten until maturity is to the purpose. Now, to raise the necessary fund for this purpose, tax all sales one-eighth of one per cent. throughout the United States and its Territories; add for the same purpose one-eighth of one per cent. on all bonds and shares in whatever form sold on our stock exchanges, and limit the dividend on such shares to a fixed per cent., and anything that the shares earn over that to go to the school fund, too. Thus the rich virtually pay for the education of all children, and in a way they would feel but lightly. Money would lose its value to a very material extent, because the father of a family would earn more money, as there would be no infant labor to contend with,

and he would necessarily spend less, as his children would be under the care of the State. Trusts and combinations would lose some of their power, because they could have no selfish interest in earning over a fixed per cent. for themselves on their investment. Can you imagine a republic of mental giants, contending in a patriotic way for the amelioration of their fellow-men? Can you imagine the earnest gratitude of an army of intelligent men and women who love their State next to their God and their parents? Can you imagine what such an army of peace-loving persons could accomplish for the good of all? Should we continue under our present system, the strength and safety of our republican institutions are in jeopardy, and the blood of our patriots which was so copiously shed and the thousands of millions of dollars that we spent for the preservation of our glorious Union will have been spent in vain. The welfare of our Republic is paramount."

"I agree with you that the welfare of our country is paramount. We want to live in the United States, at least, without the large standing armies that an impoverished and discontented people require," exclaimed Squire Parkerland, and he added: "Kindly proceed, Rabbi, with your patriotic views."

"The feeling of gratitude creates patriotism. Under the new system the State will not be a mere policeman, but the State will act as a *protector*, a *provider*, and advisor to us and to our children while they pass through their course of education. The safety of our Republic demands general enlightenment and general prosperity among all our people, and it is the bounden duty of the thinkers of our country to shape our law to secure such desirable results."

The Rabbi paused, as if to gather his thoughts, and he continued: "There is another reform that requires prompt attention. That is our prison system. Under the present system, the prisoners are employed in competition with honorable laborers. This is wrong. I am in favor of employing the prisoners of this country in constructing roads, at least twenty feet broad for roadways and five feet for sidewalks on each side of the road, shaded by fruit-bearing trees. Those trees should be under the care of the children of each county, and the fruit should be sold to the highest bidder, the money to be equally divided among the children of the county. In this manner we would interest the children in planting fruit trees and in maintaining them. Every tree in the State tends to preserve a genial climate and the fruitfulness of the earth. Good roads and well-paved sidewalks would bring the country and city nearer together, and both would be greatly benefited by the general intercourse, and in that manner the prisoners' work would be beneficial instead of disadvantageous to the honest toilers.

"The housing of thousands of prisoners under one roof is demoralizing. The prison has lost its terrors to many. To my mind it would be far better for the prisoners and the public to have the male prisoners organized into small companies, clad in the garb of a prisoner, and be employed on the roads as common laborers. Their habitation should be under canvas, in the same manner as if they were soldiers on the field of action. They must prepare their own meals, wash and mend their clothes themselves, and work steadily five hours in the forenoon and five hours in the afternoon. They should be kindly treated as long as they observe the rules, but harsh measures must be

adopted to those who do not observe all regulations. Female prisoners should be employed in making clothes for themselves and for the male prisoners. I am in favor of abolishing capital punishment in the United States, and for that reason a part of the Territory of Alaska should be set aside as a prison colony. Every male prisoner convicted of murder, rape, obstructing a train with a view to wrecking it, or to train robbery, a banker who willfully wrecks his bank, or a judge who is convicted of accepting bribes, should be sent to this prison colony for not less than fourteen years and not more than forty-eight years. Every prisoner throughout the United States and its Territories is to be credited one dollar per week, without interest, and that amount is to be paid to him when he has faithfully served his term, and free transportation shall also be furnished him to any part of the United States. If he prefers to settle elsewhere than his former home, he can do so. This gives the discharged prisoner a new start in an honorable career. The hard work and the living in the open air, rain or shine, would season him for hard work and endurance, which will make it so much easier for him to make an honest living. Laziness causes the downfall of some prisoners, and of that laziness the rigor of his work and his mode of living and self-help would cure him. He became a criminal either by inheritance, by faulty education, or by bad example. If he is not a born criminal, there is hope of reforming him. If he is a criminal by nature, keep him employed on the road and thus let him earn his living honestly to the end of his days."

"The reform you propose would save society from having ex-convicts who have committed great crim

re-enter its doors on an equality with honorable citizens. This is a new outline of prison reforms which should be taken into consideration by the lovers of humanity, and should be in force before the close of the nineteenth century," said Mr. Peter Bismanda, with his usual earnestness.

"If my system of removing infant labor from the labor market; of educating the rising generation on the plan I proposed; if capital punishment would be abolished, our prison system improved as outlined, and the better care of the insane would be inaugurated by the close of this century, it would be the crowning act of the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century could commence the new era of peace and good will among all mankind," said Rabbi Mordecai, with his natural modesty; and, taking out his watch, he exclaimed: "Why, it is nearly midnight. We have had a long chat."

"Rabbi, I am too poor in language to express to you my thanks for your remarks on the practice of justice, religion, music, education on a higher plane, on taxation, on the labor question, on trusts and other combinations, and on prison reforms. I would like to hear your views on how the prosperity of the farmers could best be promoted, and how the farmers could manage to keep their sons and daughters at home and prevent their flocking to the cities. If you would kindly honor us to-morrow evening with your company, I would prolong my visit to my brother-in-law," pleaded Squire Parkerland.

"I would consider it a particular favor if you would comply with the request of the Squire," added Mr. Bismanda.

"Gentlemen, your pleasure is my pleasure. I shall spend to-morrow evening with you."

"Before we part, let us drink to the memory of the happy evening that we passed together," said Mr. Bismanda, filling the glasses.

"Your toast is not broad and high enough. Let us drink to the memory of Moses, the great law-giver, and Jesus, who, by his gentle spirit, modified those laws. Moses and Jesus are the peers of the greatest men that ever lived. Blessed be their memory forever. Let us drink to this toast standing," said Rabbi Mordecai, which they did reverently.

The host and his brother-in-law escorted Rabbi Mordecai to the carriage and snugly arranged the wraps around him with affectionate care. The coachman urged the span to their quickest steps, and he soon reached his cozy residence, where Bridget was waiting for him.

"Why, Bridget, what brought you here?" asked the Rabbi in astonishment.

"Rabbi Mordecai, I am troubled in spirit," answered Bridget timidly.

"Then go to your priest and confess to him."

"I have nothing to confess. I only need advice, and I call on you to counsel me, the same as you did my sainted mistress, Mrs. Bismanda, when she could not decide for herself."

"I will advise you to the best of my ability, but you must tell me the whole truth."

"When Mrs. Bismanda was dying, she called me to her side, and said: 'Bridget, have I always treated you kindly?' With tears I told her that she did, for I saw that she was dying. She then said: 'In return for my kindness, I beg you, in this dying moment, to

kind to my darling Adele; be like a mother to her.' I withdrew from my bosom the cross with the image of the Lord Jesus and also the image of the Virgin Mother Mary, the mother of the Son of God, and I swore by those holy emblems that I would always be kind to Adele, that I would be like a mother to her always. And my sainted mistress answered, 'Bridget, I believe you; I have faith in your promise!' Those were her last words. I have kept my promise faithfully, but now something has occurred—" and at these words she began to cry vehemently.

"What has occurred? You said you had nothing to confess. Calm yourself, and proceed to tell me what has occurred to distress you so much," remarked the Rabbi in an encouraging tone.

With great effort Bridget controlled herself, and said:

"Thomas O'Brien, a gardener, who for the past seven years delivered the greens to the house, paid me court. He loves me and I love him," and she began to cry.

"That is nothing to cry about; it is natural for a young man and a young woman to love each other," said the Rabbi good-naturedly.

"Rabbi Mordecai, that is not all; he proposed to marry me. I am inclined to marry him; and if I do, I can no longer remain with the family, I can no longer watch over Adele, for I will then belong to somebody else, and I will thus break the promise I made to my dying mistress. I am undecided what to do. My faithfulness and my promise, so sacredly made, require me to remain with the family and to continue to watch like a mother over Adele, who is now approaching womanhood. Yet my heart longs for the society of

Thomas, for the happiness of a husband. It feels so lonesome to be alone! Advise me, Rabbi Mordecai. What shall I do? Which course shall I adopt?"

"Have you spoken about this to Mr. Bismanda?"

"No, I have not, for I have not the heart to do it; he has always been so kind to me. Only to-day he made me a present of \$500, that he deposited in my name in a savings bank, as recognition of my faithful services, and because I taught Adele how to cook and tidy up things in the house. When he gave me that present, I wept, for I felt that I must cease to love Thomas and continue to remain with the family. But Thomas called to-night and asked for my hand and heart in wedlock. I told him of the present I received from Mr. Bismanda this morning for Christmas. Thomas insisted on my returning the money and marrying him. He said he didn't want any money. What he wants is that I should become his wife, his help-mate. His words and his looks increased my love for him. I feel that we will be happy together, provided I do not commit a sin by leaving the service of the family, and leave Adele for other hands to take care of. Please advise me, Rabbi Mordecai, what to do under all these circumstances."

"My advice to you is to marry the man you love, provided you feel that he will be able to support a family and that he will always be good to you. Marriage releases you from the promise you made to good Mrs. Bismanda. Adele's character is nearly formed. She is a good, sensible girl, and besides is blessed with a good, attentive father. In addition, you will be able to call on Adele frequently, and have your watchful eyes on her welfare in that manner. You follow the advice of your groom-elect, and return the gift of

\$500 to Mr. Bismanda, and tell him frankly why you can no longer remain in his employ. I can tell you beforehand that Mr. Bismanda will not be angry with you, and that he will heartily congratulate you on your engagement and rejoice to know that you are happy. Dismiss all misgivings in regard to your sacred promise, for you did not swear to remain for life with Adele; and of what I have seen of your conduct, I am satisfied you have been kind to Adele and acted towards her like a mother. You have redeemed your promise fully, and all you have to do now is to be true and good to your husband. Do your best always to make him feel happy and content. His happiness and contentment will be your happiness and contentment, for you will then lead a happy wedded life," said Rabbi Mordecai in a fatherly tone.

"Rabbi Mordecai, you can form no idea how happy your words make me. I will follow your advice to the end of my days. Accept my heartfelt thanks," exclaimed Bridget, kissing the hem of his coat, which the Rabbi quickly withdrew and said:

"I am glad to see you happy," as he escorted her to the door; and noticing Mr. Bismanda's carriage yet before his house, he added: "The coachman will take you home in the carriage."

"He knows of my visit here, and promised to wait for me," remarked Bridget, happily.

"That was kind in him, and **KINDNESS MAKES FRIENDS!** Remember this always," observed the Rabbi, in an impressive tone.

"I can judge by the looks of your face that Rabbi Mordecai advised you to marry Thomas O'Brien. The Jews believe in marriage, and in having plenty of chil-

dren. They are shrewd. They know what is good for them," said the coachman, in a teasing tone.

"Yes, he advised me to marry the man whom I love, and to dismiss all misgivings in regard to my promise, as I did not swear to remain for life with Adele, which is true. I am happy now," said Bridget, joyfully.

"You will always be happy, as Thomas O'Brien is a man of honor. His word is a bond, for he means what he says, and he has a level head on him. He will be industrious, faithful, attentive, and a good provider. That's what makes a good husband," remarked the coachman, wisely, touching the horses gently with his whip; and the horses, knowing that they were going to their stable, needed no further encouragement to trot merrily along.

Rabbi Mordecai, on reaching his library, sank into his large arm-chair, lost in deep thought, and after a long reflection remarked to himself: "This Bridget, although only a servant girl, has displayed a noble character by her intention to break off a proposed marriage in order to live up to her promise to Mrs. Bismanda. Was her promise strengthened because she held the emblems of the cross with Jesus on it and the emblem of the virgin Mother Mary? If that promise was made more sacred by her grasping those emblems in her hands and carrying them near her heart, would it not be sacrilegious to disturb her and millions like her in that happy feeling of being made better and nobler by clinging to the cross and the other emblems?" He paused for a few moments, and then continued: "And I proposed to proselyte the Christians to Judaism. It would be folly. Let them alone in their ignorance as long as ignorance is bliss. Let me hope that the time is not far distant when th

Christian ministers will teach what Jesus said to the Pharisees: 'The first of all commandments is, Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There are no other commandments greater than these. And the scribe said to him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God and there is none other but He.' This is the teaching of Judaism, and it is also the cardinal doctrine of Christianity, which will fully and broadly assert itself, so sure as the sun rises and sets. It is only a question of time."

With those hopeful words Rabbi Mordecai retired, his lips moving in prayer. Refreshed, he arose from his night's rest, and after breakfast retired to his library, and while arranging his papers before he sat to write a sermon, he recited the following poem:

"Oh, could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mold a future age;
There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought,
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start!
Oh, could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear;
And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just.
Yet should this verse, my leisure's best resource
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish suppressed;
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy,
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date as he who traced them here."

He heard a knock. This was unusual. His orders were strict not to disturb him in the morning hour, while he was preparing his sermon to be preached before his intellectual congregation on the Sabbath. It was his wife, who handed him a large basket of cut flowers and a letter, saying: "A special messenger brought these, with the request to hand them to you immediately."

"These beautiful flowers, my dear, I present to you, and the letter I will read to you, so you can learn the contents and the name of the giver of those flowers, which I know are your delight."

"So they are. I thank you. I wonder who sent them. They are so beautifully selected."

The husband made no remark, and began to read the letter:

"RABBI MORDECAI—Pardon me if I again intrude upon your silent, studious life; but knowing the lively interest that you feel for the welfare of my delinquent tenant, his family, and his widowed mother, I thought best to write you the fullest particulars of that case. Your report, after carefully investigating the cause of the non-payment of rent, touched my heart so deeply that tender tears pearled themselves in my eyes; and in response to that heartfelt sympathy for the poor family and the poor widow, I resolved to spend \$1,000 to help that family, but could not determine in what manner to do it. I therefore called on my counsellor at law, the Hon. Manlip Levy, for advice. That pure, able jurist favored me with his undivided attention, and after he read your report and heard my resolve, said: 'This is very kind in you, but great care must be taken in what manner you bestow that gift. It cannot be given in the spirit of charity, nor should so much money be given them in one lump, as in that case it may, in the end, do them more harm than good. After reflecting for a few moments, he continued: '

remember that a few years ago your horses ran away with you, and were about to jump a precipice. A man, who looked like a mechanic, ran to your aid, and at the peril of his life caught the horses in the niche of time, and thereby saved your life. You offered him your purse, which he declined to accept, saying, "Jew, keep your money," and he disappeared in the crowd. You never could learn his name or dwelling. Now, let us suppose that that mechanic, who, as a matter of humanity, saved your life, was the departed father of your delinquent tenant, and this furnishes the cause for the gift to his widow. This morning, while taking my usual horseback ride, I passed a large public school and noticed an unoccupied store opposite that school, which appeared strange, as those locations are good for candy and popcorn stores. I would therefore suggest that you lease that store for a year, with the privilege of renewal for three years longer, at the lowest rent obtainable. Then furnish that store handsomely and place in it a nicely-selected assortment of such wares as school children usually buy, and present it to the widow. She will in that manner become self-supporting, and also be in a position to help her son out of his embarrassment.' I saw the wisdom of this plan, and handed him my check for \$1,000, and requested him to carry out his plan, but not to divulge my name to the recipient. Judge Levy at once set to work, and the widow is now keeping store and is doing well. She is assisted by three of her granddaughters after school. I and my friends patronize her frequently. We have now a reputation for her popcorn, '*The Widow's Popcorn is the Best.*'

"The Queen of England is no happier than this widow with her store. Her grandchildren work gleefully, for they now see a happy future before them. You can form no idea how happy I am that I am the author of their happiness. You will no doubt share it with me with pleasure.

"Kindly accept these few flowers, which I selected

myself from my hothouse. In case you know of a family who need and deserve aid, do not hesitate to inform me.

"I have the honor to be, with distinguished consideration,

Sincerely yours,

"WALDHER HEARTGOOD."

"Waldher Heartgood is indeed kind," exclaimed the wife.

"So he is," rejoined Rabbi Mordecai, taking up his pen, which the good wife understood, and she retired with the basket of flowers.

The Rabbi took out his Bible, kissed the volume, and murmured, "This is, after all, the book of books for inspiration. What text shall I select? Isaiah is my favorite." And he quickly referred to its pages and read: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider." "This is a splendid text, but I preached on it two years ago." He read another text: "The princes are rebels and companions of thieves; every one loveth bribes and runneth after rewards; to the fatherless they will not do justice, and the cause of the widow doth not come unto them." "This text can not be justly used before my congregation." And he passed it and read this text: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." That text he selected for his sermon, and worked for hours to write and perfect it and to memorize it. The whole day he was kept busy in receiving visitors and answering letters that reached him from all parts of the globe. Precisely at 8 o'clock the carriage of Mr. Peter Bismanda came, and he promptly rode to fill his engagement.

Mr. Bismanda and Squire Parkerland received him

joyfully, and the Squire said: "Rabbi Mordecai, I am very anxious to hear your views. How can the farmers of the United States make their occupation pleasanter and more profitable, and their lives happier? But before you proceed on that interesting topic, tell us what action the member of your congregation took in regard to his delinquent tenant."

And the Rabbi answered: "This morning I received a letter from that member informing me that he expended \$1,000 as per the advice of his lawyer, who set her up in a candy store, and she is supporting herself splendidly." And then he continued:

"As a Rabbi, it is my duty to carefully study every calling, in order to comprehend clearly their mode of living, and the value of their work to society. The farmer is one of the chief factors in securing prosperity to a country. If the farmers harvest a large crop, and sell it at a good price, nearly every other branch of trade in the country feels more or less the prosperity of the farmer. It is therefore of supreme importance that the farmers be prosperous, and it is a marvel to me that so little is done by the Government to assist the farmers to greater prosperity."

"The farmers now have the benefit of the signal service furnished by the Government, and receive also some seeds free of charge," remarked Mr. Bismanda.

"I am aware of it," answered the Rabbi. And he continued: "What the farmers of this country need is instruction regarding sanitary measures, how they could increase their crops, the art of living properly, and a way to keep their sons and daughters at home to develop their farms to the highest perfection."

"The census of 1890, lately published by the United States Government, discloses the remarkable

fact that the value of the farms, farm tools, and domestic animals amounts to over \$16,000,000,000, and which brought in a return of \$2,460,000,000 profit. Notwithstanding this great wealth and royal income, the farmer, as a rule, is poorly housed, poorly clothed, poorly fed, and very poorly amused; and as a consequence his sons and daughters leave the farms and flock to the cities, exchanging their independent vocation of a farmer to a dependent one of clerk or factory hand, where both work for scanty wages, which are uncertain. But they prefer this mode of living, being recompensed by the gay surroundings of the city. The parents are left to themselves through old age, with their energies waning. They have not the strength to cultivate their farm properly. Their children in the city cry for help, and parental love induces them to mortgage their farm at a high rate of interest, which, under the prevailing conditions, can not be paid, and the mortgage is foreclosed. The original owners sink broken-hearted into an untimely grave; and what becomes of their children, God knows," said the Rabbi sadly.

"I know many families in my immediate neighborhood who had that sad fate," observed Squire Parkerland. And he added: "Please, Rabbi, let me know your remedy for this crying evil?"

"The remedy is that each State should employ one or more well-paid scholars, thorough students of agriculture, of refinement, and of the ways of the world, and who are natural orators and who have also the wisdom and the tact to adjust themselves fittingly to the audience they address. These orators should arouse enthusiasm for agricultural pursuits. They should proclaim and teach that, of all trades, farmi

is the noblest, the healthiest, and the safest livelihood.

"It is the duty of every farmer to build a comfortable house, pleasantly furnished, and have a supply of good books, newspapers, and magazines, which are to be read by the whole family, so that they may become enlightened; his family and himself to be becomingly clothed, and the table to be supplied with well-prepared food, and in ample sufficiency; music and singing should also be practiced at home.

"Every county should have in the center a well-equipped public hall, in which the farmers and their families should assemble in holiday attire, to listen to a lecture by the public orator once a month during the year. The young men of each county are to form a band of music, and the county is to furnish the best instruments free of charge, and pay also the salary of the musical instructor and leader. The sons and daughters of each county are to form an amateur theatrical club, and once a month play in the public hall before their parents, relatives, and the public in general, the band of the county to furnish the music. Once a month there should also be a banquet for the young and old, which should be enlivened by speeches in order to cultivate oratorical art. There should also be a ball once a month. All these entertainments would make life very interesting, not only to young men and young women, but also to the aged, who would participate in the enjoyment of their sons and daughters. Such variation of intellectual development and amusements would keep the young people on the farms. They would work gladly, especially if the father is generous enough to let his children share in the profits of the crops. They would then all

work on the farm to bring forth the very best results," said the Rabbi earnestly.

"Rabbi, you picture this scene very beautifully, and it would be of the greatest advantage to the farmers and their children if it could be carried out, but I have my doubts that it can," remarked Squire Parkerland in a sad tone.

"Where there is a will there is a way. The first lesson that every farmer should learn is to cease to be stingy and resolve to treat his children kindly; give them a good, practical education, and lead them to work, and give them a share in the profit of the crops, not reluctantly, but pleasantly. The whole country must have good roads, as I have previously stated, built by the prisoners, and the sidewalks shaded by fruit trees, and which are to be taken care of by the children. By having good roads, it will be a great saving of wear and tear on animals and vehicles. The transporting of crops will be quicker, and it will also make it pleasant for the families to exchange visits, which will prevent the farmer from living like a hermit."

"This is very nice, too," said Squire Parkerland, "but Rabbi Mordecai, you have not considered the cost of all those improvements that you so readily recommend. It would plunge the farmers into debt, and many of them owe now more than they are able to pay."

"Wisdom, coupled with an unrelenting will, generally overcomes all obstacles. I am aware that constructing roads is very expensive on account of the lazy manner the work is performed. The new improvements which I lined out will also cause expenses, but the ways and means will be found if the people

are in favor to carry them into effect, and which will enrich them in body, mind, and materially far beyond their most sanguine expectations," answered the Rabbi convincingly.

"It is a new world almost that you recommend," observed Peter Bismanda thoughtfully.

"Not at all—not at all new; it is only to carry out that teaching, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Under those improvements the neighbors will come together in a loving spirit, each will do his best for another, and that is the ripe fruit of civilization. It will be lovely, for the brethren will live in peace, which will be crowned with amusements in which the whole population will participate. Life in the country will be as interesting among the farmers as it is now in the large cities. The sons and daughters will remain at home, and work joyfully on the farm, and will be greatly interested in their noble vocation.

"How gleefully they will expect the evening on which the *public orator* will lecture, who, by the word of his eloquence and new ideas, will send them to work with fresh enthusiasm and new thoughts. With what pleasure the week will be anticipated when the reunion banquet will be held, and again when the new piece will be performed in which many young men and many young women will act. Others will count the days when the ball will take place, and the band will play their new pieces. The time will pass pleasantly, and full of the liveliest interest, and it would not be at all surprising if marriages would increase and the population naturally increase, and with an increase of births the demand will increase and make the times good all around."

"That will all be very nice and gratifying, but

where will you get all the money to pay for its cost?" queried the Squire.

"God created the universe out of nothing, and man, through his wisdom and activity, creates wealth. Superior education among the people will bring forth superior pulpit orators, superior legislators and executors of the law. I have said before to you that where there is a will there is a way. The means will be provided if you have the will to make all those improvements which are essential to better the condition of the farmer, to make him prosperous, and by his prosperity quicken into existence the prosperity of the whole population of our glorious land."

The Rabbi said this with such earnestness that it did not admit of a doubt.

"Your earnestness almost inspires me with the belief that all those new ideas that you have set forth can be carried out. You have certainly enlightened me, and I sincerely thank you for that enlightenment, and also that you have emancipated me from the prejudice that I always had against the Jews. I considered them a small, mean, grasping people, while they are in fact great, noble, and generous in thought and action," said Squire Parkerland; and he added: "Rabbi Mordecai, I invite you to visit me at my home, and I bespeak a hearty reception for you by me and all my neighbors."

"I thank you for your very kind expressions and your invitation, but my time is so occupied that I can not avail myself of it. And now I will have to bid you good-bye until we some day may meet again."

CHAPTER V.

Adele waited for Bridget to help undress her, and put away the handsome gowns which she wore that evening in honor of Christmas Day, her uncle, and the guest of the evening, Rabbi Mordecai. Bridget did not make her appearance. Being very tired, Adele fell asleep in her rocking chair and slept soundly until late in the morning. When she awoke she looked at her watch. It was already eight o'clock, and the sun shone brightly. She was still dressed in her holiday costume, noticing which she became bewildered, and quickly rang the bell. Bridget promptly responded to the call and said: "When I came home late last night, I called at your room and found you asleep in the rocker so sweetly, I said to myself that it would be a sin to wake you. Adele, look in the mirror and see how refreshed you look. Ah, me! There is nothing like sleeping sweetly. I, too, slept well last night, the first time in many nights."

"What troubled you that you could not sleep well? I am sure your bed is as soft and nice as that of any lady in the land. The dealer of whom I purchased it told me earnestly that Queen Victoria could not have a nicer bed. When, however, I remember your sighing and your weeping of late, there must be something else troubling you. It is not the fault of the bed. It is something else; something is on your mind that troubles you. I hope that it is only borrowed trouble," said Adele earnestly.

"I can not tell you what troubled my mind, that made my heart sad, what deprived me of restful sleep,

but your father will tell you this evening," said Bridget, in a kindly tone.

"This evening! And it is only 8 o'clock in the morning, but I will have patience to wait. It is a virtue to have patience. Now please help to undress me, and hand me my morning gown and my chamois slippers. What have we for breakfast?"

Bridget quickly helped to undress her young mistress, and handed her the favorite gown and the chamois slippers and said: "We have this morning fresh shad broiled, potatoes fried brown in butter, and omelets with jelly and biscuits, coffee and cream."

"Has father breakfasted?"

"Yes, he did an hour ago, and drove to the store already. You know your father is an early riser."

While this conversation was going on at the residence of Mr. Peter Bismanda, there was great commotion at the police court. A hundred persons—men, women, and children—were crowded in that large court room. The sight of that crowd was enough to make one doubt that those people lived in a civilized country and under the enlightened influence of Christianity, so brutal did the men, women, and even children look, but the saddest sight of all was the presiding Judge. He looked dissipated, shabbily dressed, and careless in his manners. His voice was harsh and vindictive. The first man that was brought before him was a heavy-headed, feeble old man. His accuser was a policeman, who said that he found the prisoner tottering on the street; in fact, he fell down, being drunk.

The prisoner said, in an appealing voice: "Your Honor, I was not drunk. I tottered from weakness, having had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. All my kin are dead, and I am ashamed to beg."

"I don't believe a word of it. Six months in the Work-house," said the Judge, harshly, waiving his hand to the policeman to remove him, and he added, "The next."

The next was a young woman beautifully shaped and becomingly dressed. Her face was exceptionally handsome, but very, very sad.

The policeman who arrested her said that she walked aimlessly in the streets. He took her for a street walker, and arrested her accordingly.

"What have you to say to that?" ejaculated the Judge, in a threatening tone.

"I am wrongly accused. The reason I walked the streets is because I have a cruel stepfather who is lustful. I got afraid of him last night and fled from home. I did not call on my acquaintances, as they would have questioned the cause of my visiting them on Christmas uninvited," and the poor girl wept.

"I don't believe a word of it. Send her to the House of Correction for six months," said the Judge, and he added "Next."

The next was a Turk, in his national costume, a splendid specimen of his country. His face looked strong and highly intelligent. His eyes were fiery and yet mild, made so by his deep religious feelings. The policeman who arrested him said that at noon he saw the man at the public square lying almost flat, with uplifted hands and head, mumbling. The horses on the street shied. He told him and motioned to him to move on, but the Turk would not obey. When he took hold of him the Turk gave him such a vigorous push that he fell to the ground. He then grabbed him. He struggled like an infuriated beast, and it re-

quired three policemen before he could be brought to jail.

"What have you to say to that?" asked the Judge, in an angry tone.

The Turk made a motion that he could not understand English, and began to speak in excellent French, which the Judge could not understand. An interpreter was called, and explained that the Turk was praying to Allah and he considered it an impertinence to be interrupted in his prayer. "There is no act that man performs so sublime as his prayer to Allah, and in that act he should not be disturbed. I have been disturbed, and resented it with all my power."

"And you did not respect the officers of the law, and resisted arrest. I fine you \$150 and send you to jail for two months to cool off; it will be a good lesson for you," said the Judge, in a tone as if to say, "This is a good joke on the Turk."

When this decision was interpreted to the stranger his face darkened, his right hand felt for his sword; but there was no sword there, and he quickly recovered himself and gave the sign of a Mason in distress, which the Prosecuting Attorney noticed and quickly came to the aid of a brother, and said, addressing the Judge:

"Your Honor, this Turk is a stranger in a strange land. He does not know the customs of our country. Had he known them as your Honor does, he would not have kneeled in the street to perform his noon devotion. Therefore, I request your Honor to suspend part of your sentence and do not send him to jail."

"I will then increase his fine to \$200 and suspend the jail sentence; but should he repeat his act, I wil

increase the punishment." He waved his hand and exclaimed "Next."

A woman with four sons, the oldest about twelve years old, were now brought before the bench. "This is a new-comer," said the Judge to the policeman who escorted her, and was her accuser.

"Yes, your Honor."

"Let me know briefly all you know about her and her boys" commanded the Judge.

"She married about fourteen years ago a mechanic of excellent character, and who was very able in his profession, but on account of the terrible temper of the wife there were frequent quarrels. Her temper grew to such a heat that her husband left for parts unknown, and the family have a hard struggle to support themselves. The boys are now street Arabs, selling newspapers, blacking boots, and doing odd jobs, and when their earnings are small the mother whips them unmercifully. The two oldest boys struck her back. There was a terrible row, and I arrested them all," said the policeman.

"The woman goes to the Work-house for six months, the oldest boy to the House of Correction for one year, and the younger boys to the Children's Home. Next," said the Judge.

The mother and her children threw themselves on their knees and begged the Judge not to disgrace them and not to separate them. They promised to behave themselves in the future. The Judge remained obdurate. The crying of the mother and her four sons could be heard throughout the court-house. It was a heart-rending scene.

The next was a woman with hard features. She was charged with being drunk on the street, and will-

fully broke a large show window of a prominent store.

"Why did you get drunk, and why did you break that window?" asked the Judge harshly. "Answer the questions only, without other side remarks."

"I celebrated the birth of Christ, and took a few extra drinks that made me feel jolly. I broke that window because I was drunk."

"Six months in the Work-house," said the Judge, and added, "Next."

Martin Martinoff was now brought before the Judge. The policeman stated that he whipped his wife and threatened to kill her, and no doubt would have done so if the son had not struggled with his father to prevent it.

"You are a brute. I am very sorry that there is no law of the State to give me the power to order fifty lashes on your bare back. I will however, send you to the Work-house at hard labor for one year, and a fine of \$100," said the Judge, and added, "Next."

Conrad, the son of Martin Martinoff, now stood up before the Judge, who said to him: "So you are the lad who dared to struggle with your father. I sentence you to the House of Correction for one year."

The Turk, having paid his large fine, lingered in the court-room and had the proceedings interpreted to him; and when he learned that the son was sentenced for one year to the House of Correction for having struggled with his father in order to prevent the murder of his mother, he exclaimed: "Is this Christian justice?" and he added, "Praise to Allah that I am a Mohammedan!" and he left the court disgusted with what he there beheld.

If there is anything in public life in the United States that needs remodeling, it is the police court c'

justice. The Judge, as a rule, has entirely too much power, and does not take the time to investigate each case before he passes sentence.

During the twelve months that Conrad Martinoff was in the House of Correction no one inquired for him, and he wondered why his mother did not write him a letter, or why she did not call on him. Day after day he expected that letter or her visit; but he was disappointed, for none came. At last he was discharged, and quickly walked to his home and learned that his father never came back to his home, and that his mother was sick at the hospital; and he hastened to the ward where his mother was placed, and the nurse told him of her death.

"My mother died in the hospital without her husband's and son's presence; alone among strangers she died," cried the son in great agony, and turning to the nurse he begged her to tell him what the last words were that his mother uttered.

"The last words that she uttered were clear and distinct, but in sorrowful tones, 'THE GOOD PAULA;'" and the nurse added: "I asked her to tell me who the good Paula was and where she lived, that I might send for her; but she did not answer, for her soul had passed from her body, and she was dead."

"Dead! Horrid word! When did she die and where is she buried?" asked the weeping son.

"She died this morning, and her remains are now in the room of the dead, and perhaps they are now preparing her for burial," answered the nurse in sympathizing tones, and she directed him to the room of the dead.

The mourner hastened to the room, and there beheld two men, each smoking a pipe while screwing on the

lid to the coffin that contained the body of his mother. The coffin seemed to him too short, and he requested them to unscrew the lid and give him the opportunity to see whether it was the body of his mother, and let him have a last look at his mother and kiss her face.

One of the men said gruffly, "We will not unscrew the lid. A son who allows his mother to be buried as a pauper has no right to look at and kiss his dead mother."

The words and the tone of the man angered the unhappy son beyond endurance. With one blow he knocked the man down who uttered those cursed words. The other man he pushed aside, stripped the lid off the coffin, and there saw the body of his mother stark naked and bent in, for the coffin was too short. The sight was horrible. He fell on the men furiously. He had the strength of a maniac, and would have strangled them as a punishment had not their cries attracted the attention of policemen, who promptly handcuffed him and brought him before the same Judge, who, without consideration, sentenced him to three years in the House of Correction.

Great was the grief of Conrad over the sad fate of his good mother, to die among strangers and to be buried so shamefully in the potter's field. But what most mortified him and puzzled him were the last words of his unhappy mother, "The good Paula." He never heard his mother mention that name, "The good Paula." Who was the good Paula! He resolved to hunt up his father in order to tell him his mind, and also find out who his mother was, and also about the good Paula. "Yes," said he to himself, "when I am released from this house I will hunt up my father and tell him what I saw; how his wife was prepared for

the grave, and that grave is unknown in potter's field ; and as soon as I find out who her parents were, her brothers and sisters, they too will learn of her sad end, and feel the same humiliation and mortification that I do."

When again discharged from the House of Correction, he searched for his father among his old acquaintances, and found that he had left the city, but no one knew where he went. He resolved to hunt for his father, and started penniless into the wide, wide world to find him.

For ten years he kept on hunting for his father without learning his whereabouts. At last he learned that his father, like himself, was a tramp : that he tramped from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and just returned. He got on his track, but invariably missed him. After following him from place to place, he found him on a railroad track, dead from a scalp wound. Carefully did he examine the features, and exclaimed : "Yes, it is my father ; his intemperance brought ruin to our home. His wife died, and is buried as a pauper." At these words the unhappy son cried vehemently, for it was a poignant grief to him that his mother was buried as a pauper, and he knew not where her ashes rested. Recovering his composure, he continued : "Martin Martinoff, I disown you as my father, for you were cruel by your excessive drinking. You wrecked our home. You would have murdered your wife had I not interfered, and for which act I was disgraced by an unjust Judge. Through your acts my mother died an untimely death, and was buried as a pauper!" And he again cried as if his heart would break. Then, recovering himself, he continued : "You have wrecked your life by your love

of drink. You have wrecked the lives of those who depended on you for comfort, protection, and guidance. What a warning this should be to all who are on the road to becoming drunkards. It shall surely be a warning to me. As a drunkard you ripened into a murderer, which happily I prevented. You became a tramp, and I became a tramp hunting for you, and I here find you dead! You, too, will be buried as a pauper. I don't want to know where your remains will be buried. I will leave you now for fear if I was found with the corpse, I would be arrested as your murderer. I have suffered enough on your account," and with these words, without giving another look at his dead father, he hastened away to the nearest brook where he washed his face and rested, and withdrew from his pocket a well-worn book and quickly turned to a page and read in a sonorous tone the following lines :

Sweet the hour of tribulation
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast,
Soft as evening o'er the ocean
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother
'Till she seemed to awake from death?

The book fell from his hands, and he seemed lost in deep reverie. Tears rolled heavily laden with grief over his health-glowing cheeks. At last he spoke : "Roll on, you tears that my sad heart wells up so copiously ; roll on, and bring me relief, for I am not only

an orphan, but I am left alone in this great world without a kin; none to love or caress me. I am alone, and a tramp at that, but I will not be a tramp longer, my long hunt is at last ended. I have found him dead, an outcast, a wreck stranded on the highways of commerce. His body will moulder in an unknown grave, and may God have mercy on his soul!" He arose, and said: "Now let me go forth to find work, to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow!"

"Before I start, let me hunt for my breakfast, and, after I have feasted, I will trim myself up and look more presentable."

He then took from his ample pockets a folding tin-cup, a box of matches, two envelopes containing salt and pepper, a knife, a pair of scissors, a comb and brush, a mirror, a piece of soap and a small towel, and a small leather pouch drawn together with an old shoe-string. He carefully untied the string, opened the pouch, and counted the money it contained. There were exactly five copper cents.

"This is honest money," said he; "honest, because I earned it honestly by guiding that pack-peddler who lost his way in the forest to the road he wanted. I never will forget how frightened that peddler was when he met me in the forest. He trembled like a leaf, for fear that I would rob and kill him. Instead, I guided him safely out of that thick forest, and he rewarded me with five dollars. That happened five years ago, and five cents is all I have left of those five dollars. I have never earned a cent since."

He smiled a self-satisfied smile, and continued to talk:

"I don't think there is another man in the country that could say he lived on less than one dollar a year.

I could only do it by making the earth my bed, a few stones my pillow, and the canopy of the star-lit skies my comfort. The atmospheric waves lulled me to sleep, the birds of the fields and woods cheered me with their songs, and the streams served as my bath tub. As for food, I foraged, and this I will do again this morning—and I hope for the last time.”

He quickly gathered a few fagots and branches, kindled a fire, and cut from a field of corn a few ears, which he roasted. He took the folded tin-cup and, espying a cow that browsed in a rich meadow, he milked her, all the time whistling “Sweet By-and By.” His tin-cup being brim-full of the rich milk of the young and healthy Jersey cow, he returned to the roasted corn, and his breakfast was now ready. He salted and peppered the corn, and ate and drank with relish.

“Hunger minces the food better than anything else. One thing is sure, I am not troubled with dyspepsia nor with the gout, nor have I any fear that I will lose my fortune, and I need not bother about investments.”

After he finished his breakfast, he took his mirror in hand, and said: “I will trim my beard and mustache and part my hair in the middle.” The manner in which he clipped his beard and mustache and combed his hair, showed that he was used to the work.

His hair was blonde, full, and fine as silk. His eyes were of a deep blue, shone with splendor, and their beauty was greatly enhanced by a glance full of sadness and resignation.

Of a sudden he arose, for he heard the silvery tones of a church bell in the distance. Those sweet tones seemed to electrify him, and he sang in a rich baritone voice ;

RELIGION.

Through shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveler winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss in vain.
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight;
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

As the last tone pathetically vibrated, he was attracted by the clapping of hands and by the voice of a deep "Bravo! bravo!" Conrad looked up and saw a man of strong Hebraic features comfortably sitting in the seat of a well-built peddler's wagon, drawn by two powerful horses in splendid harness.

"Moses, is that you?" exclaimed Conrad in great glee.

"Yes, Conrad, it is me."

"When we last met, you carried a pack of goods, and now you have a large wagon, I presume full of costly goods, and you require two strong horses to pull the load of your wares," ejaculated Conrad.

"God has prospered me. This is my last trip. I am going to open a handsome store in the city in partnership with my brother-in-law. But how are you getting along? Are you as rich in money as you look in health?" asked Moses good-naturedly.

"I am a millionaire in health, but in money I am as poor as a church mouse. However, I have decided to go to work now and see what I can accomplish in the way of making money," answered Conrad with his native frankness.

"That is right; go to work. God will prosper you if you are honest and work in good earnest and husband your earnings and always bear in mind that a penny saved is a penny earned. It is what we save that makes us rich. If you don't object, I will present you with a suit of clothes," said Moses kindly.

"You do not seem to practise what you preach. You said just now that a penny saved is a penny earned and at the same time you offer to present me with a suit of clothes. Explain your liberality, please."

"That is easily explained. When I was lost in th

forest and saw you, I was frightened, as I expected to be robbed and perhaps killed by you. Instead of that, you escorted me readily and pleasantly to the road. I often thought of your kindness, and it gives me great pleasure to demonstrate my gratitude to you by the presentation of a suit of clothes;" and with these words Moses alighted from his seat, took from his vest pocket a yard measure, which he quickly unwound and threw around the chest of Conrad. "You measure 40 inches around the chest and only 35 inches around the waist. You are splendidly built, and I would not at all be surprised to learn that some beautiful and rich girl fell in love with you. Conrad, try to become somebody. You have the material in you. You are healthy, strong, handsome in form and face, sensible, and above all, honest. Why throw all these advantages away? Utilize them, and become a citizen who is looked up to for good example and good advice."

"Moses, you talk like the old Hebrew prophets talked, as recorded in the Bible. I will take it to heart now," said Conrad earnestly.

"I am glad you will." And with these words he took from his wagon a suit of clothes, four shirts and collars, placed them in a satchel, and handed it to Conrad, and also a few dollars in coin, saying, "Take this with my compliments."

Conrad accepted the gift and said: "I was often told that it is characteristic of the Jews that they never forget a favor, nor ever forget an affront. Your acts have convinced me of the truth of this report. I will always remember your generosity, and reciprocate it at my first opportunity."

"If you go in my direction, you may ride with me."

"No; I am going to the country to look for work on some farm." And they parted.

On he walked, and looked at every farm house that he passed, but he lacked courage to go in and ask for work, for up to that day he had lived like an animal that roves in field and forest and lives on what it finds. For such a man to find work is a novelty, and the independence that he had practiced was now a hindrance to him in his pursuit of work which would furnish him a civilized living.

It was nearing the noon hour, and he began to feel hungry again, when he said to himself: "At the first farm house that I now reach will I apply for work." He quickened his step as he noticed an elderly farmer standing at the gate. He greeted him pleasantly and said: "I am looking for work. Can you give me employment?"

"Let me look at your hands," said the farmer good-naturedly.

Conrad showed him his hands, which the farmer grasped and examined. "Your hands don't look like they ever have worked," said the farmer. "However, it is my rule never to turn a man away that asks for work. You see yonder in the yard a block of wood and an ax. You can go to work and split that block up into kindling wood, and I will pay you this silver dollar for your work after it is completed."

Conrad quickly stepped toward the block of wood and took the ax to split it as told; but he found that block of wood to be as hard as flint. At every stroke he gave, the ax glanced off. The farmer watched his efforts, and a broad grin spread over his good-natured face, which Conrad noticed with deep mortification and uttered to himself: "I will split that block in

splinters or perish in the task." He set his teeth tightly and brought forth his whole strength, supported by a determination that admits of no failure. At last the block yielded to the hard strokes, and every additional blow widened the breach.

The farmer was amazed at the strength and the determination of that tramp to split that block of wood, which was seasoned for twenty years and served as a scarecrow to keep the tramps away from his farm; for every one that came and asked for work or food was offered the job to split that block and receive a dollar in payment for the work. If they declined to do it, they were not furnished food, and it became known among the tramps far and wide that that farmer offered such a job, and he was therefore avoided. But this tramp seemed to be in earnest to earn the dollar and obtain work. The farmer made ready to pay the dollar as he agreed.

Conrad kept chopping away, and the sweat rolled down from his brow in streams. "I am now earning my bread by the sweat of my brow," said he to himself, and he added: "I wonder whether that farmer will give me a dinner besides that dollar. I am hungry, and will do the meal justice." Having finished his job, he said to the farmer: "Please examine the pile and see whether I have chopped it small enough."

"Yes, the pieces are small enough. Now pile them up like a wall, and I will give you a dinner besides that silver dollar, and will hire you to work on my farm, as I believe you are honest and do not shun work. If you will behave yourself, you will have a good home over the winter."

"I thank you for your confidence in me, and I will

prove myself worthy of it," remarked Conrad in a grateful tone.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Conrad Martinoff. And may I ask you your name?"

"I am called Esquire Parkerland. Paul Parkerland is my name. Take your satchel and I will show you to your room. Wash yourself and change your clothes, and when the bell rings, come to dinner." This was said in a kindly manner, and Conrad felt himself at home. When he reached the room to which Squire Parkerland directed him he was delighted with its neatness; everything was there for a man's comfort. It reminded him of the room that his schoolmate John Tafelfeld had. He had no such room in his youth. He quietly washed and dressed himself in the clothes which Moses the peddler gave him, and he said: "It was clever in Moses to make me such a nice present—just what I needed," and his looks were greatly improved by the well-made and nicely-fitting clothes. The dinner bell rang and Conrad quickly walked towards the dining-room, where Esquire Parkerland beckoned him to come.

The dining-table was covered with a snow white table cloth of the finest linen. The porcelain was also of the best quality, and because Conrad was unaccustomed to such a nice dining-table, it embarrassed him somewhat. Squire Parkerland duly noticed this, and placed Conrad's seat opposite to his. There were two other farm hands at the table, and they were treated like members of the family. To the right side of the employer sat his daughter Bertha, who, with becoming dignity portioned out the meal, which she handed to her father, and who handed it around. Before they

began to eat their dinner the Squire said grace, and this made a deep impression on Conrad. It was the first time in his life that he witnessed the beautiful scene where the head of the house said grace before the meal was touched. Conrad was also greatly attracted by the silvery voice of Miss Bertha Parkerland and her graceful manners.

After dinner the Squire again said grace, and he arose and at once led the men to work. Conrad, although not accustomed to the work, did his best, which his employer duly noticed and reasoned that Conrad would make a good hand on his farm. The hour arrived for milking the cows, and as the herd was large it was quite a task to do it.

"Conrad, have you ever milked a cow?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, I have milked cows," and he had it on his lips to say that he had milked thousands of cows while he was a tramp, but he wisely refrained from saying it.

"We have a very nice Jersey cow, but she is unruly. She not only kicks the bucket, but also the man who milks her. I will let you milk her. Perhaps you can manage to steady her while she is being milked."

"I will milk her if any one can," said Conrad with great confidence.

"There she is," said the Squire, pointing out a stately looking cow to Conrad.

Conrad eyed the animal, and said: "She is vicious. I will subdue her." He took hold of her horns and swung her around with great ease. He then patted both her ears gently. The cow looked at him with great surprise and stood still, trembling like a shorn lamb.

Conrad had no trouble thereafter to milk that cow readily and pleasantly.

The Squire looked on in astonishment, and again said to himself: "Conrad will make a good hand on the farm;" and so he did, for he was happy. The Squire treated him very kindly, and even took him in his carriage on Sunday when driving to church. He sat with the rest of the family in the farmer's pew and listened attentively to the sermons of an able minister, which not only broadened his mind, but refined his feelings—which make one grateful to God and grateful to one's benefactors—feelings that ripen into love not only for one's self, but for others, and gradually centers on one being—and that was the case with Conrad. His love began to center on Miss Bertha Parkerland. She appeared to him the perfection of woman's loveliness in person and spirit. She was tall and of a graceful build and motion. Her face was round, with a dimple in her chin which was very becoming. Her nose was aquiline, her eyes were of a deep blue, while her hair was of a rich brown, but her greatest charm was her voice when speaking or singing. Impatiently did he wait for the hour every evening when the family assembled in the large sitting-room to listen to the reading of the Bible by Miss Bertha. This was the greatest treat in his existence. From day to day his love for the young lady grew stronger, and the more he loved her the more unhappy he became, for he considered himself unworthy of her love. To make his love known to her, therefore, was out of question. How could he act so ungratefully toward Squire Parkerland, who treated him so kindly? How could he ask for the heart and hand of his darling daughter? He, Conrad Martinoff,

the son of a drunkard, who died as a tramp, and whose mother died as a pauper! These thoughts greatly humbled him. In fact, it clouded his judgment, and he lost sight of his own personal worth. His manly beauty attracted the attention of many young lady worshipers in church, and they declared that Conrad strongly resembled the Prince of Wales, and some even declared that he was handsomer. Conrad had no eyes for any other girl except Miss Bertha. On her his thoughts and eyes were riveted. He loved her—he loved the ground on which she walked.

One evening, as he sat in his room and listened to the marvelous playing on the piano, and Miss Bertha singing her new song, "Religion," his favorite piece, he was so enchanted that he rushed toward the parlor and threw himself before her to declare his love; but his courage failed him, and he returned to his lonely room—lonely because he was alone.

"I can not stand this love, this unrequited love. It is maddening me. Let me leave this peaceful home. Let me flee before I become mad and be a maniac! Let me rather become a tramp again—a phantom in the world, a disappointed human being!"

He quickly packed his satchel, and during the night left the home of Squire Paul Parkerland—the home that contained the only woman whom he adored, and of whom he considered himself unworthy. "Let me tramp until I find the good Paula, the name my mother uttered with her last breath. Perhaps she can tell me who my mother's parents were. Why did I not insist upon my mother's telling me of my ancestry? But how could I have been more persistent when I noticed how painful the subject was to her? How well do I remember her words, spoken on that mem-

orable Christmas Day, when I pleaded with her to tell me who her parents were—to tell me the names of her brothers, and where they lived, that I could inform them of her sad plight, that they might come to her rescue before it was too late.”

Conrad stopped in his soliloquy and dried the tears that rapidly coursed down his face.

“Well do I remember her answer: ‘Too late’ are sad words. They are the saddest words in our language. I have wept so much over those words, ‘too late,’ that it has weakened my eyesight. It is useless to tell you the name and address of my parents; they have disowned me, and on my account they would treat you as if you were a viper;’ and when I exclaimed: ‘Are they not Christians?’ she answered: ‘Christians they are, but of the unforgiving kind.’ That ended the conversation, and from those remarks I now conclude that she must have been married below her station and against the will of her parents. The ‘good Paula’ must have befriended her, and therefore she remembered her in her dying moments. I must find the ‘good Paula.’ She will tell me the history of my good but unhappy mother.”

Of a sudden his face grew pale—and he wrung his hands in despair and exclaimed in a distressing tone: “Perhaps I was born out of wedlock, and am a bastard. This thought makes me more miserable than I ever have been before. I must find the ‘good Paula.’ I must know whether my birth is legitimate, and who the parents of my mother were.”

With resolute steps he began his journey and tramped until midnight, then stepped a few yards from the road and threw himself on the ground to sleep.

Early in the morning he arose and said: "Formerly I could rest well on the bare ground, but now my back and every limb of my body are sore. I have been spoiled by my two-years' stay with Squire Parkerland. The bed I had there was soft, and the blankets of the softest wool. Those were two happy years that I passed in that happy home. I must not think of it; I must not think of her whom I love—Bertha, beautiful, good and talented Bertha! Let me wrestle with myself to forget her, for I feel unworthy even to mention her name. Let me resume my tramp, and hope that I will find the 'good Paula.'"

As the road was dusty, he wended his steps to the railroad track. For hours he walked, deeply absorbed in thought. At last he spoke: "My childhood has been unhappy. I saw nothing but misery in my parental home on account of the drinking habits of my father, who acted like a brute when drunk. I was unlucky to be tried by an unjust judge. My resolve to hunt my father was unfortunate, for it made me a tramp; but the greatest misfortune that happened to me was to fall in love with Miss Bertha Parkerland, for whose loving society I hunger, I famish. Let me make an end of my miserable existence. There comes the passenger express. Let me throw myself before the locomotive in a manner to kill me outright."

He calmly stepped to the middle of the track for the locomotive to strike him, but the engineer spied him, reversed his engine, and applied the brakes. Conrad noticed his action, stepped aside, and murmured: "I am even unsuccessful in committing suicide."

The passengers looked out of the windows, and one of those in the palace car threw a package towards him, exclaiming: "Catch it, Conrad."

"Thank you, Moses;" and he said to himself: "Seven years ago Moses carried a pack on his back as a peddler; two years ago he carried his wares in a peddler's wagon, and now he travels in a palace car towards the great city; no doubt to make large purchases for his store, while I, with the same opportunities, am a miserable love-sick tramp. Let me make an end to it," and with these words he unrobed himself, and, naked as God made man, threw himself into the river with a view to drowning himself; but the cold water had the effect to cool his excited brain, and he changed his mind and calmly said: "No, I will not commit suicide. Cowards kill themselves; I will not be a coward. I will be a hero who conquers himself. I will henceforth endeavor to conquer fate itself."

He emerged from the river, and as he stood on the bank and the river reflected his form, he looked like a giant, but in fact he was so well formed that he could have earned a fair living posing as a model for a sculptor or painter.

When dressed, he opened the package that Moses had thrown to him. It contained a nice lunch that loving hands had prepared, which consisted of a nicely roasted young chicken, a large fine porcelain bowl brimful of potato salad, bread, and crisp butter cakes filled with raisins, wrapped in a napkin with long fringes, and the name handsomely embroidered in the corner with white linen thread, "Moses Rheinfluss."

"This lunch must have been put up by Mrs. Moses Rheinfluss. It was very kind of her, but it was still kinder of Moses to throw it to me. Strange to say, with all my troubles and mortifications, my appetite is always good, and after my cold bath it is even

keener. How tempting this lunch is! I know that I will enjoy it." And he began to eat contentedly.

After he had finished eating he straightened out the newspaper and began to read the news, as it was a journal published in his native city. He was particularly attracted to the following paragraph: "The happiest man in our city to-day is Rabbi Mordecai, who was surprised by a visit of his thirteen brothers. They came here from all parts of the world to celebrate a family reunion. Besides the thirteen brothers there are also eight sisters, all borne by the wife of Bernard Leod, who was called the 'good Paula,' on account of her skill in curing the sick and comforting the poor by her generous gifts. They are men of great enterprises, and are very wealthy. The oldest brother has the largest coffee plantation in Brazil. Another has a ranch of twenty thousand acres, and counts his herds by the hundreds of thousands. Most of them are manufacturers and mine-owners. The report is that they pride themselves not on their great possessions, but on the large families of children that each of them has reared, who walk humbly before God and man. That assurance makes Rabbi Mordecai particularly joyful."

Conrad read that paragraph twice, and exclaimed: "How fortunate that I did not kill myself, as my hopes will now be realized. I will now learn who the good Paula was, and who the parents of my mother were. Who can tell whether my sun for happiness will not now begin to shine?"

He arose, and quickly walked to the next depot and boarded a train for his native city.

CHAPTER VI.

Precisely at seven o'clock in the morning of the day after New Year's, John, the son of John Tafelfeld, presented himself to Mr. Peter Bismanda, saying: "I come to enter your employment."

"Yes, yes; I remember that I told you to be here at seven o'clock in the morning after New Year's Day, and I see that you are punctual. Please tell me your name in full and your age, and whether you went to the public schools and what per cent. you secured at your last examination?"

"John Tafelfeld is my name; I am fifteen years old; I went to the public schools since my sixth year, and graduated from the intermediate school. Eighty-one was my per cent.," answered the youth blushing.

"This is a creditable record. You are now on the threshold of your career. I deem it proper to remind you that to bring you up to your present age required great sacrifices on the part of your parents. With excruciating pain did your mother bear you, and in your infancy you caused her much anxiety; and many were the nights that both your mother and father were deprived of their sleep in order to attend to you properly. Your father's earnings were largely expended for your comfort, and even the State came to your aid in giving you an elementary education free of charge. For all these benefits bestowed on you by your good parents and the State, it is expected that your conduct shall be upright; that you will abhor deception, that you will be truthful and reliable; that you will earnestly endeavor to store your mind with

knowledge, and use it for your own benefit and the welfare of mankind. In order to assist you in your mental development, you will receive, in addition to your wages, a card of membership to the Young Men's Library. You may select and take home such books as you choose to read, under the rules of the library. You can also take lessons on two musical instruments and in singing; also in elocution. All my clerks receive this instruction at my expense. Every Thanksgiving all my employes break bread with me, and, after we have feasted, they play, sing, and recite. Will you avail yourself earnestly of these opportunities?" asked Mr. Bismanda.

"I will," answered John, in a decided tone.

"The brighter you become, the more I will like it. Read the Bible every day; read history; read the biography of great men; read standard novels and well-edited magazines, and ponder over what you have read. Music, singing, and elocution are great arts and should be cultivated to the highest degree. I will now introduce you to the chief clerk, who will ascertain your qualifications and set you to work accordingly. Let me impress upon your mind the indisputable fact that a man is either a help or a hindrance to prosperity. I expect you will be a help to the prosperity of my house; and if you prove yourself a help, your position is assured and your remuneration will be fully up to your achievements. Do you comprehend what I have said?"

"I do, fully," replied the youth, earnestly.

"Will you remember my remarks?"

"I surely will."

The office of the head clerk was now reached, and Mr. Bismanda introduced John Tafelfeld, with the

remark: "Please make him your assistant if he has the ability."

And thus was John Tafelfeld put to work in the great house of Peter Bismanda. His progress was good and his promotion rapid, and within a few years he became head clerk and general manager of the firm. Under his skillful direction the sales more than doubled. He also took an active interest in all the factories in which Mr. Bismanda had largely invested, and through his efforts an order was secured from the Turkish Government for fifty thousand guns. This order netted a large profit. All these great results he easily accomplished by the wisdom he gathered from the books he read, and also by his natural executive ability.

Young Tafelfeld mastered the flute and the violin and sang charmingly, and every Thanksgiving Day received the applause of Mr. Bismanda and Adele for his great accomplishments.

"Papa, let us have a musicale once a month," exclaimed Miss Adele. "It will be so nice, especially for you, who are so fond of music."

"It is true that I am very fond of music, but will it not be a hardship for you and the young men to have a musicale every month?"

"No; it will not be a hardship," exclaimed Miss Adele and young Tafelfeld in one voice, in which the other clerks joined.

The inauguration of these musicales brought John Tafelfeld and Miss Adele Bismanda together more frequently in their musical efforts. He not only accompanied her with his flute or violin, but mingled his tenor with her soprano voice. Their song blended most charmingly, and, as both were young, beautiful,

and blooming with health and happiness, each admired the other's talent and grace. The result was natural. Their friendship ripened into love—that love which yearns for each other's society, and leads to the altar, to be tied by the silken cord of matrimony before God and man.

John Tafelfeld, having read in the Bible that “it is not good for man to be alone,” accepted the admonition, and decided to propose to his Adele Bismanda. Great was his happiness when she accepted him, “provided papa consents.”

The father of Miss Adele looked surprised when John Tafelfeld asked him for the hand of his daughter, but he graciously consented.

Great were the preparations for the wedding. It was decided that the marriage should take place in the cathedral, and that His Grace the Archbishop Maximilian von Bilenthal should officiate.

Mr. Peter Bismanda was very happy that his daughter should become the wife of so exemplary a young man and so able a merchant as John Tafelfeld had proved himself to be. He therefore decided to spend ten thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor as a token of gratitude to God for the blessing He had bestowed on him by giving him such a good son-in-law. He drew his check for that amount and mailed it to the Associated Charities, with the request that flour, coal, and shoes be bought for half that amount, and that the other half be used to pay the rent for poor widows during the coming winter. He also mailed a check for one thousand dollars to his former schoolmate, Frank Bellman, with instructions to decorate the cathedral with flowers, and, after the ceremony, to send the flowers to all the hospitals and

other public institutions with the compliments of the bride and groom.

The florist exerted all his skill in the decoration of the church, which was greatly admired by the large multitude who came in their holiday attire to see the bride and groom as they entered and walked through the aisle to the altar—the groom accompanied by his parents and the bride leaning on the arm of her stalwart father.

As the bride and groom stood before the Archbishop, there was but one thought, "Are they not beautiful—the handsomest couple ever seen?" And so they were. They were not only beautiful, but *truly good*, and that merit outlasts beauty and is the most valuable possession of a wedded couple.

Conspicuous among many of the distinguished guests on that happy occasion was Rabbi Mordecai, who was present by special invitation of the father of the bride and parents of the groom. And when congratulating the newly-made husband and wife, he quoted these lines :

"Honor, riches, marriage blessings'
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you."

Within a year of their marriage a daughter was born to the happy couple, whom they named Marsena Bismanda Tafelfeld. This newcomer brought new joys to Mr. Peter Bismanda. Every time he looked at his granddaughter, he joyfully exclaimed: "She looks exactly like her grandmother—the same sweet face, the same captivating smile, and those large eyes and little ears;" and he would clasp the baby in his arms and march up and down the room, singing: "Tra, la,

a—tra, la, tra, la.” His great love for the child prompted him to build a large, comfortable house in the suburbs, surrounded by a lot of fifty acres of forest on high ground, so as to be sure that the baby would inhale the most healthful air. Carrying out these resolves kept him very busy, but it was with him a work of love, and, as he had plenty of money, he he could carry out his plans very satisfactorily.

During the summer the family occupied the new house, and during the fall and winter they resided in the city. There was no change in their style of living. The monthly musicales, in which the clerks of the firm participated, were kept up.

Only occasionally did Mr. and Mrs. John Tafelfeld senior visit their son when the musicale took place. They were offered a nice suite of rooms in the city and country residences, and the son even offered to buy and furnish a house for them; but they insisted upon retaining the rooms in the tenement house, and keeping house the same as they did before. Old Mr. Tafelfeld kept on at his work, and in the evening smoked his pipe filled with the Turkish tobacco Rabbi Mordecai kept sending him every Christmas. The son was greatly displeased at his father for insisting upon living in the tenement house and working at the mill daily, but he had too much respect for his father to show his displeasure, and frequently called for his parents in his carriage to take them out riding; but even that attention they reluctantly accepted. They preferred to stay at home, as they always had.

One evening his mother called at the city residence, telling her son that his father had come home from his work sick, and wanted to see him; and she added: “Don’t order the carriage, but let us walk or take

the street car." The son complied with his mother's wishes, and when he reached the old home he found his father very pale, and he wanted to go for the doctor.

"I don't want any doctor. There is something the matter with my heart, which palpitates unusually, but which will become calmer if I do not irritate it. I wanted to see you particularly to hand you this ring, which is the wedding-ring that Mrs. Martinoff wore. I wanted also to give you this sealed envelope, which I found pinned to an oil painting in the garret that belonged to that unlucky woman. I request that you hand that ring, envelope, and painting to her son Conrad whenever you see him. That painting is very fine. Have it cleaned, varnished, and nicely framed, and place it in your reception room. Keep it there until you can deliver it to Conrad. Will you keep this in mind and do as I ask?"

"Of course I will," answered the son, promptly and earnestly; and he added: "Father, can you tell me anything of the past history of Mrs. Martinoff?"

"Yes." Hardly had he uttered that word, when his head sank on his breast, his heart ceased to beat. He was dead.

The wife and the son each grasped his hand and rubbed it, but it was cold. They cried and called out the most endearing names. The wife kissed his lips; the son kissed his forehead. Their crying and their kissing was a relief to their great sorrow, but he whom they loved and venerated existed only in form—the soul, the most precious part of man, had departed to the Universal Soul, to be assigned to new duties in the great evolution of man's existence. Death is only for the body and not for the soul—especially not for

the large-souled man or the large-souled woman, who, on the pinions of their many good deeds, ascend higher toward the throne of eternal grace.

The son consoled his weeping, lamenting mother. The neighbors, as soon as they learned of the demise of their excellent friend, also came and rendered their good offices to the widow, who had their heartfelt sympathy in her hour of deepest mourning.

The son called a doctor, who declared that death was caused by heart failure, and certified accordingly. A funeral director next appeared and took charge of the corpse and the arrangements of the funeral. The departed husband and father was a member of the Orders of Masons and Odd Fellows, and they turned out in their regalia to attend the funeral. They were a magnificent body of men, who, by their bearing, showed that they felt the dignity of noble manhood. The most noted in the procession were Rabbi Mordecai and a Turk who walked at his side. It was the same Turk whom the Judge of the Police Court had fined so heavily for the offense of praying on his knees on the street at noon to Allah. The Turk came as a special messenger from the Sultan to deliver a span of Arabian horses to John Tafelfeld, Esq., as a token of esteem from His Majesty in recognition of great services to his Empire by the prompt delivery of fifty thousand guns, excellently constructed, and which rendered such good results in the defense of Palva, under the masterful command of Omar Pasha, against the enemies of Turkey.

The same horses were used in drawing the carriage in the funeral procession containing the widow and the son. The mother cried vehemently, and would not

be comforted by the son. She declared that her loss was too great to bear, and she longed to die. Her poignant grief quickly undermined her health, and in a few weeks she, too, passed away, and was buried next to him whom she had so dearly loved.

* * * * *

Conrad Martinoff arrived safely in his native city, and was astonished at the great improvements that were made since he left. Ascertaining the residence of Rabbi Mordécai, he hastened there, hoping to soon learn the whereabouts of the good Paula, and at last find out the ancestry of his mother. The Rabbi could not see him, as he was engaged in receiving the members of his congregation, who came in large numbers to congratulate him upon a happy event—the visit of his many brothers from distant countries and the celebration of a family reunion.

Conrad looked with amazement at the many handsome women, elegantly gowned, and at the dignified look of their manly escorts and their happy animation, as if they had not a care in the world, and as if life with them was full of charming happiness; and he exclaimed: "The Jews are a wonderful people. They thrive where others succumb. What is the cause of their success and happy existence? What is it?" asked he, earnestly. "It must be that they love one another, and therefore care for each other's happiness. That love and desire to make each other happy makes them strong enough to fight the battle of life successfully. Yes; love is the keynote to their success. The sincere affection between husband and wife, the reverence of the children for their parents, their obedience, and their noble aim to become somebody in the world, make them a unit, one for all and all fo

one. What a noble example do they set before mankind! They shall serve as an example for me. Alas! I have none to love, and no one loves me. I am alone. I am forlorn. Shall I always be alone? Shall I always be forlorn? No—thrice no! My fault has been that I have put no value on myself, no value on my time. I have led the life of a man without an aim, and that caused me to be alone and to be forlorn. This will not do. I must go to work and become somebody ere it is too late. Now I have youth and health; now is the time to work and achieve success. The first step to success is a presentable appearance. I must buy a new suit of clothes;” and he forthwith wended his way to a clothing store, to purchase clothes with the money he earned from Paul Parkerland. On entering the store, a salesman approached him to ask what he could do for him.

“I want to buy a complete outfit of the best quality at the lowest price, and at one price.”

“You are in the right store to do that, for this is the Globe Clothing Store, where only the best goods are sold at the lowest prices—and at one price,” answered the salesman, pleasantly.

“I will see,” remarked Conrad, taking off his coat, to be measured.

“Among the thousands of customers whom I have measured, I never measured a man so well-proportioned. You are magnificently built. Your father and mother must have reached physical perfection,” exclaimed the salesman, with great admiration.

“You understand your business, young man; with honey we catch the flies,” said Conrad, good-naturedly. And he said to himself: “Come to think of it, my father was indeed a well-built and a handsome man;

but what good did it do him? Excessive drinking and carousing ruined him and wrecked my prospects in life. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' and that shall henceforth be my motto in life."

The clerk now appeared and said: "Kindly follow me to the dressing room. I am sure the underwear and the suit will fit you well, but I am not quite so sure about the patent leather shoes, as I do not know the exact size and shape of your feet. Touch this electric button when you want me;" and he added: "This cane contains a fine silk umbrella. By touching this spring and reversing the top, the cane turns into an umbrella. It costs more than an ordinary cane, but it is a great convenience. You will be pleased with the cane;" and with these words the salesman left Conrad to himself.

"That is a good salesman. He will get the largest part of the money it took me two years to earn. I don't care; I want to look my best for once; and, when I am dressed up, I will call on my former school-mate, John Tafelfeld. I would not wonder at all if I should find him rich, married to a handsome woman, and already a happy father. But Johnny had a father who behaved himself, who worked, saved his money, and lived with his wife like a husband should live—in loving kindness. They were a happy couple. Johnny had a happy childhood. My childhood was full of misery because my father was a drunkard, whipped his wife, and tried to kill her." His brow clouded, and he prayed: "O God! help me to forget those scenes and my miseries!" Recovering his calm composure, he touched the button that summoned the clerk.

"Those shoes are too tight and the heels are too

high. I am tall enough, and do not require high heels. Bring me a pair of shoes one size larger and with low heels. I am a great pedestrian, and require a comfortable shoe."

The clerk bowed himself out of the room, and Conrad said: "Yes, I am a great pedestrian. I have been tramping the greatest part of my active life—active to forage on what I found on the highways and byways. I must turn over a new leaf now, and the pages of my history shall not remain a blank."

The clerk brought another pair of shoes, which were exactly right in style and fit. Conrad finished his toilet, and the clerk exclaimed: "The suit fits you as if it was made to order. It could not be a better fit. Please look in the mirrors in front and back of you."

Conrad looked, and was well satisfied with the fit and his appearance.

"I take you to be the owner of a gold or silver mine, and if you have any shares for sale on the ground floor, I would buy some," said the clerk, earnestly.

"There is not a single share of my gold and silver mines for sale," answered Conrad, and he added: "Please let me have my bill."

The clerk handed him the bill, which Conrad paid with an air as if banknotes with him were like so many leaves, and that he had a whole forest of them; while in fact it took the largest part of all he had. Verily, Conrad Martinoff was a noble man by nature. He was not altogether composed of common clay.

On reaching the street, he walked to the nearest drug store, where, for the accommodation of the general public, there was a city directory, and which the druggist politely handed to him. Conrad soon found

the name of John Tafelfeld, president of the Peter Bismanda Company. It made him feel joyous that his former schoolmate and neighbor occupied that grand position—the president of the company whose employ he entered as an apprentice. Still, his joy was mantled with sadness. Johnny was prominent, rich, and happy; and he was nobody—poor and unhappy on account of his love for the beautiful, the good, and talented Miss Bertha Parkerland, whose very name he felt himself unworthy to utter. And he continued with these observations to himself:

“Johnny’s childhood was happy; the result is, his career is happy. My childhood was full of misery, and the result is my career has thus far been miserable. I wonder whether his parents live. Mine are dead, and are buried as paupers. If I only knew the spot where my mother is buried, that I could plant and tend the flowers over her grave, that alone would make my life worth living; but even that is denied me, for she was buried as a pauper, because her husband—my father—was a drunkard. I must forget this, or I will never amount to anything. Those humiliating thoughts are like a millstone around my neck. They are a stumbling block in the way of my progress. Let me banish those thoughts forever. Let me think that my parents were on the sea, and the boat sank, and they perished and are covered by the waves. Their life was a sea of misery. They perished and sank out of sight; I alone am left of the wreck.

“Let me not wreck myself. Let me feel proud that I am born in the image of God, who is my heavenly Father. To Him will I look for guidance and help, and endeavor to work out my own salvation, and become worthy of God’s image and the God-like qualifi-

cations that man is blessed with. That is man's heritage which I have trampled under my feet, and it made me miserable. Henceforth I will look heavenward, where my heavenly Father dwells. He is my ideal, and I will lead an ideal life, which begins with noble aims and uprightness, and I will develop on those principles."

CHAPTER VII.

"I am now an orphan, and were it not for my wife and daughter, I would stand alone in this great world without kin," said John Tafelfeld, as he entered his office. He continued his soliloquy: "I feel sad; my soul is indeed in mourning for my good parents. No son ever had a better mother or a nobler father than I had. Blessed be their memory! What a difference there was between their wedded life and that of our neighbors—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Martinoff! It is now nearly thirteen years since the patrol wagon carried the father and his son Conrad to prison. I wonder what became of them! On that same Christmas Day my good father presented me his photograph;" and with those words the merchant prince withdrew it from his bosom, and lovingly exclaimed: "Of all my possessions, vast and valuable as they are, this is the greatest treasure that I own. Father, although though art no more among the living on earth, thy sanctified spirit lives in the celestial regions and reflects through me thy glory on earth. What I am and whatever I possess, I owe to your good teaching and to your good example. Your wise words were my guide that assured me success far beyond my most sanguine

expectations. This photograph has been my talisman. It shall always abide near my heart.

The office boy now entered and said: "A man wants to see you. He has no card, nor would he give his name and business. Shall I show him in?"

"How does he look?"

"He is a stalwart man, sun-burned, but fashionably dressed. He does not look wicked, but rather rough."

"Let him come in."

"You may come in. Mr. Tafelfeld is at his desk," said the office boy to Conrad Martinoff, for it was he. It is not at all surprising that Conrad had no card and would not tell his business, for he had neither.

"Take a seat, sir. Whom have I the honor to receive?" said Mr. John Tafelfeld, courteously.

"Do you not recognize me?"

"I can not call to my mind that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you."

"I am your schoolmate, Conrad Martinoff. We once resided in the same house. Peter Bismanda—the good Bismanda—was our landlord," said Conrad, in a trembling voice.

"I am truly glad to see you; let me grasp your hand, Conrad. Tell me where you have kept yourself these many years, and whether you are married. I married the daughter of Mr. Peter Bismanda, and have a very cute little daughter. Marsena is her name; she is the sun of my heart," exclaimed John Tafelfeld, happily.

"I have been tramping from ocean to ocean. I searched for my father after I learned that my mother died in the hospital and was buried as a pauper. This maddened me, and I resolved to find my father, to

have a talk with him regarding my mother's family. For years I hunted for him. At last I found him; but he was dead on a railroad track. I left him there, and hastened away, for fear of being arrested as his murderer. From that day I resolved to work steadily for a living. I found employment with a farmer. He was well satisfied with my labor, but, unfortunately, I fell in love with his only daughter, a maiden of marvelous beauty, and as good as she is beautiful. I felt myself unworthy of her. I left that happy home, and am again on the hunt to find out the ancestry of my good mother—my unfortunate mother!—who died among strangers, and who was buried as a pauper." And the unhappy son wept.

"Weep not! Your mother was not buried as a pauper. My good parents, when they learned of her death, hastened to the hospital, and came there in the nick of time to prevent her burial in the potter's field. My father bought a lot in the cemetery, gave her a decent burial, and placed a stone over her grave bearing her maiden name, 'Augusta.' My father would not have the name 'Martinoff' chiseled on her stone. He said a husband who strikes his wife, and tries to murder her, does not deserve to have his name engraved on the stone that marks her final resting place. Tell me your mother's maiden name, and it will be added to 'Augusta.'"

"This is the happiest day of my life, now that I have learned that my good mother was not buried as a pauper—now that I know the spot where she rests, and can adorn it with the choicest flowers. A thousand thanks to you for this information, and may God bless your parents for their noble deed. I do not know my mother's maiden name. She never would

tell it to me. The nurse who attended her in her dying moments told me that the last words she uttered were 'the good Paula.' I am now hunting for 'the good Paula,' " remarked Conrad.

"I know who 'the good Paula' was. She is dead long ago. Before my father died, he gave me a ring which belonged to your mother, and an oil painting, to which was pinned a long sealed envelope, which he ordered me to deliver to you. The oil painting I had renewed and handsomely framed. It is hung over the mantelpiece in my reception room. The ring and the envelope I have in my safe, and I will deliver them to you now," said John Tafelfeld.

He stepped over to the safe and brought forth the ring and envelope, and handed them to Conrad, who, with trembling hands, took out the paper and read: "Marriage certificate. Martin Martinofsky to Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein."

"Did I hear you correctly, that Martin Martinofsky married the Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein?" exclaimed John Tafelfeld, in an excited tone.

"Yes, you heard me correctly. Read it for yourself, and see whether I made a mistake," answered Conrad Martinoff, quickly.

Tafelfeld, in order to be sure, read the marriage certificate through, and said calmly: "I suggest to you to drop the name of Martinoff or Martinofsky, and adopt your mother's name, Von Lichtenstein. If you agree to that change, I will have the name Von Lichtenstein added to Augusta on her grave-stone."

"I accept your suggestion, and will henceforth call myself Conrad Von Lichtenstein."

"Please excuse me; I must telephone to a party about a matter that permits of no delay," and Taf-

feld stepped into an adjoining office, closed the door after him, and, going to the telephone, rang up Lawyer Manlip Levy.

"Hello! Is this Lawyer Manlip Levy that I am talking to?"

"Yes."

"I am John Tafelfeld, president of the Peter Bismanda Company. I read your advertisement offering thirty thousand dollars reward to find Augusta Von Lichtenstein or her issue. Is that reward still effective?"

"Yes. The reward will be paid promptly, if there is not a shadow of a doubt as to the identity of the party."

"I will call at your office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. In the meantime, please mail me a letter, over your signature, stating clearly that the reward of thirty thousand dollars will be paid to me if I furnish the required proofs."

"I will mail the document you require at once. I will be in my office at ten o'clock, and expect you to be punctual. Good-bye."

On re-entering his office, he observed that Conrad Von Lichtenstein (for we will henceforth call him by that name) still read the marriage certificate of his parents, and had his mother's ring on his little finger. "Please tell me in which cemetery my mother is buried. I will go there, and over her grave give thanks for the great blessing of knowing her last resting place."

"I will order my carriage and take you to the cemetery, and show you your mother's grave. You will not find it neglected. My parents attended to it, and, after they died, I continued their work of

love," said Tafelfeld, in his business-like tone. He touched an electric button, and the office boy appeared.

"Please order my carriage, and inform me when it is at the door." Within a few moments the boy came and said that the carriage was ready.

"I will be gone for the rest of the day. If there is anything special, telephone me to my country house," said Mr. Tafelfeld to the head clerk.

Conrad and John took their seats in the elegant carriage.

"Drive to Peaceful Rest Cemetery in an even gait through the city, and when in the suburbs in an even trot."

The coachman touched his hat and drove as directed.

"What a splendid pair of horses you have," said Conrad, in an admiring tone.

"They are the finest specimens of Arabian horses in this country. They were presented to me by the Sultan. I had a contract with his government for a large lot of weapons, and delivered them strictly to contract; and those weapons proved very effective under the command of Omar Pasha at the battle of Palva. The Sultan also sent a present to my wife—a solitaire diamond of exquisite beauty and of enormous value. My wife is not fond of jewels, but her father, the noble-hearted Peter Bismanda, is delighted with the honor bestowed on his only child."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune. You were not only successful in business, but also in marriage, as you wedded the daughter of a noble man to nature. You can trace this success to your parent who made your childhood happy, and set you a good example, which you wisely followed. Alas! my k

was unfortunate in that respect. I have resolved to forget it. Let me forget it, let me forget it," said Conrad, with tears in his eyes.

"It is a wise resolution to forget all that is unpleasant, and it is still wiser to make pleasanter what pleases us, always within the lines of moderation," observed Tafelfeld, philosophically.

Peaceful Rest Cemetery was now reached. The two friends—for such they were—alighted from the carriage and rapidly walked to the grave of "Augusta." When they reached it, Conrad threw himself on his knees and cried out loudly: "Mother! Mother! Your son Conrad kneels before your grave, happy to know your final resting place. It is the dearest spot on earth to me. I cry tears of joy to know that you were not buried as a pauper, and that your individuality was not lost, even after death. Thank God that at least so much of His earth has been consecrated to you as your own. Holy is the ground to me, and often shall my pilgrimage be here, to receive from this hallowed spot new inspirations for an honorable career throughout my life." The whole sad past flashed before his mental vision, and he wept as if his heart would break.

"Weep not, Conrad; control yourself. Let the past bury itself. Look forward to a happy future," said John Tafelfeld, in a sympathizing tone.

"Yes, I will control myself; I will forget the past. To do that requires strength and philosophy. I hope possess sufficient of both;" and, grasping John's hand, he said, with great sincerity: "I thank you from the innermost recesses of my heart for having put my mother's grave in such splendid condition. You have planted the rarest flowers over her grave,

and they are in bloom, owing to your care. I thank you. Verily, the spirit of God is within you undiminished; hence your goodness; may you always be so blessed!"

"I have only done my duty to her whose suffering and heroism I observed and admired; but enough of this. I will now show you the resting place of my parents," said Tafelfeld, leading his friend to a sepulchre.

"This is a magnificent mausoleum," exclaimed Von Lichtenstein.

"Mr. Bismanda had it erected at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. His wife Marsena and my parents are there interred," remarked Tafelfeld; and he added: "We will now ride to my country home. You will be my guest while you sojourn here."

On arriving at the stately residence, a handsome lad, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, hastened to open the carriage door.

"I see the reception room illuminated. This is not our evening at home. Who is the guest?" asked the master of the house of the gardener.

"His Grace the Archbishop Maxmillian Von Bilenthal called at the urgent request of the mistress, and he is now in the reception room," was the prompt reply.

The reception room was large, but plainly furnished. The only ornament was an oil painting, representing a young lady in ball costume, and a young man placing an embroidered silk shawl on her shoulders. There was a strong resemblance of the young man to Archbishop, who was gazing intently at that picture and he exclaimed: "It is her, the Countess Augr Von Lichtenstein, who rejected my heart and ha

and, on the same night that I went with her to the ball, eloped with the coachman of the family, and married him in preference to me, and made my life miserable. Although I am now an Archbishop, with a fair chance of becoming a Cardinal, and perchance the Pope, great as the honors are to be a prince and sovereign of the Church, these honors are soap bubbles compared to the happiness of being the husband of a loving wife, and seeing one's self reproduced with all possible improvements. That happiness I can not enjoy." The train of these elevating thoughts were disturbed by the entrance of Mr. Tafelfeld and his guest, Conrad Von Lichtenstein.

"This is indeed an unexpected honor, to receive His Grace."

"Your wife requested me to call again to console her cousin, Miss Bertha, who still seems very despondent. It is indeed a great pity that a young woman in the springtime of life, with all the charms of the world before her, should feel so unhappy. Cause and effect is a natural law. Your good wife must find out the cause of her despondency, and the remedy can then be found and applied," remarked the priest, in a fatherly tone; and, noticing Conrad, he remarked, in a surprised tone: "Who is this gentleman? He has a strong family resemblance to a fellow student of mine."

"Conrad Von Lichtenstein," said Tafelfeld, promptly.

"There can be only one Conrad Von Lichtenstein, that is the son of Count Gustave Von Lichtenstein; you resemble him greatly," exclaimed the Archbishop; and he added: "What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Augusta Von Lichtenstein," answered Conrad.

"She named you after her only brother, who died broken-hearted, like his parents, on account of an ill-mated marriage that their daughter and sister contracted. She left her princely estate with her uncultured husband for the United States, and was forever lost to them. Is your mother living?" asked His Grace, with great emotion.

"Alas! she died in great misery——"

"Say no more," interrupted the priest, in a mournful voice; and he continued: "As you are her son, you are entitled to my fatherly friendship," laying his hand softly on the head of Conrad, as if blessing him.

"Look at that painting; did you ever see it before?"

"Yes; it was in our garret, where my mother kept it hidden from my father; and in her moments of extreme despondency she would go to the garret, remove the cloth, kneel before it, and weep as if her heart would break. This seemed to give her relief."

His Grace stood as if riveted to the floor; not a word did he utter, but a terrible paleness spread over his features. He seemed chiseled in marble. Of a sudden his countenance became flushed, and tears coursed themselves over his face. They were tears of joy. He was now convinced that his beloved loved him, and that knowledge was a healing balm to his wounded pride. His lips moved in prayer. He prayed that her spirit would live among the sanctified spirits in the spiritual world, where he hoped to meet her.

Slowly the door opened. A young lady of magnificent presence, with a face and neck of marvelous beauty, entered, and, on beholding Conrad, she gave a joyous cry, "Conrad, you here!"

"Miss Bertha Parkerland, I am here, and I am truly happy to see you."

"The cause of her despondency is explained; the remedy is near at hand," said the Archbishop to himself; and, turning to Conrad and Miss Bertha, said: "Confess, children, that you are lovers, too shy or too proud to acknowledge it. Let me be the happy messenger that brings your two loving hearts together to beat as one;" and His Grace slipped from his finger a ring, and, handing it to Conrad, said: "Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein, offer this ring to Miss Bertha Parkerland as the engagement token, and, if she accepts, I will officiate at your marriage."

With a grateful bow the lover accepted the ring, and, turning to Miss Bertha, he said: "If you entertain the same holy feelings towards me as I feel towards you, honor me by accepting this ring as our engagement memorial, and let us now thank His Grace for the offer to officiate at our marriage."

Blushingly, but in a happy tone, the bride-elect said: "I accept both, conditionally that my noble father approves of it."

"Joy, joy is mine!" exclaimed Conrad, outstretching his hands toward the bride, who rushed to his arms, and they embraced and kissed one another impetuously.

"Happy children!" said the Archbishop.

"Cousin Bertha, I congratulate you most heartily on your engagement to my former schoolmate, who is the grandson of Count Gustave Von Lichtenstein, and the only heir to his title and estate. I read an advertisement offering thirty thousand dollars for finding the whereabouts of the Countess Augusta Von

Lichtenstein or her issue. I have an engagement with the lawyer who offers that reward to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and request you, Conrad, to accompany me; and I also request His Grace to permit me to call for him with my carriage, to accompany us to that lawyer, and thereby assist me in the identification. My good father-in-law, Peter Bismanda, knew the parents of Conrad, and knew him as their son; and, as we have the marriage certificate and the wedding ring, there will be, I hope, no difficulty in establishing Conrad's rights," said John Tafelfeld, earnestly.

"It will give me great pleasure to assist in the identification of the son of the Countess Augusta, and I trust that he will speedily enter upon his rights as heir; for I reason that the estate must now be very valuable, if it can afford to expend thirty thousand dollars in locating its heir," said the Archbishop, thoughtfully.

At this moment Mrs. John Tafelfeld, a happy looking matron, entered the room, and great was her astonishment at the changed looks of her cousin Bertha, who, only a few moments before, was so sad and dejected that her reason threatened to become dethroned, and now looked the picture of happiness and serene delight; and she asked herself: "I wonder what caused such a delightful change?"

"Cousin Adele, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein, to whom I have just been betrothed, and—and—His Grace has promised to officiate at our marriage."

The cousins kissed, and Adele whispered: "This explains to me your changed looks."

"Count Von Lichtenstein, are you, perhaps, th

the same Conrad who was a schoolmate of my good husband, who often spoke to me about you?" exclaimed Mrs. Tafelfeld, in an interested tone.

"Your noble husband and I were schoolmates. I visited him at his place of business, and he invited me to be his guest, and thus I have the good fortune to meet Miss Bertha Parkerland again, whom I so dearly love. I did not have the courage to declare my love for her, and to ask her to become my wife. His Grace, who knew my mother, the Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein, kindly became my mediator. I proposed and was graciously accepted, and I declare that this is the happiest day of my life."

"This is only the beginning of your happiness. You will find that wedded life is a continuous stream of pleasure; from one joy to another we float along, as it were, especially when the babies are born in quick succession; then the real fun begins," said John Tafelfeld, glancing at his happy wife, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"My good husband speaks volumes in my favor; but, after all, it is his work that enables me to keep up the comforts of life. It is he who keeps his hands uninterruptedly on the oars that steer our ship into safe harbors. If he should sleep on his oars, we would be tossed about and likely be wrecked," observed Mrs. John Tafelfeld, earnestly.

"You have stated a great lesson, Mrs. Tafelfeld. It is the duty of the husband to provide, and it is a lemn duty for the wife to husband his earnings, and, the same time, to make their home a temple of ace and great comfort," said the Archbishop, in a herly tone and manner, and he took leave for his idence, which resembled a castle.

Precisely at eight in the morning, John Tafelfeld and his guest Conrad arrived at the office, and John immediately rang up the central office by telephone, and requested them to call up Rabbi Mordecai.

"Hello! hello! It is John Tafelfeld that is speaking to you, Rabbi Mordecai. I am told that your mother, called 'the good Paula,' was acquainted with the Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein; is that so?"

"Did I hear you correctly? You say that your mother attended her while sick, and rescued her by her great skill at the point of death. What do you know of the history of the Countess Augusta?"

"Please let me repeat, so that I may be sure that I heard you correctly. The Countess Augusta, although engaged to Maxmilian Von Bilenthal, a lawyer and a brilliant orator, nevertheless eloped with a coachman of the family, named Martinofsky; and that her father and brother Conrad vowed to kill him at first sight; that they fled to the United States, and were never heard of again.

"So that is the case! I require your presence this morning, at ten o'clock, at the office of Lawyer Manlip Levy, in order to assist me in the identification of Conrad, the son of Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein. My father-in-law, Mr. Peter Bismanda, will call for you in his carriage. Can you spare the time to accompany him?"

"Thanks! thanks! Mr. Bismanda will be at your residence within half an hour. Good-bye!"

"I know that lawyer, Manlip Levy. He is a g. lawyer, but he is very exact, and perhaps that is what makes him great in his profession. I am, therefore, taking all the steps that will aid me in making "

identification complete," said John Tafelfeld to Conrad.

"I believe you are pursuing a wise course, although I have had very little experience with lawyers," answered Conrad.

Mr. Peter Bismanda now came into the office and readily complied with the request of his son-in-law to call with his carriage for Rabbi Mordecai and bring him along to the law office of Manlip Levy.

Precisely at ten o'clock, Mr John Tafelfeld, Conrad, Archbishop Maxmilian von Bilenthal, Rabbi Mordecai, and Mr. Peter Bismanda arrived at the office of Lawyer Manlip Levy. The Archbishop was astonished at the size and elegance of the offices, which were elaborately furnished, and consisted of the entire front of the most prominent building in the city, being one hundred feet square; and he soliloquized that it must be a very lucrative business, that of counselor-at-law in a great city of the United States.

"Gentlemen, Judge Levy will receive you in a few moments. He is closeted with one of his clients," said a clerk, who announced their arrival to the distinguished jurist.

In a few minutes Waldher Heartgood emerged from the private office, escorted by his counselor, and both could hardly suppress their surprise at seeing so many distinguished gentlemen in the office. The lawyer bowed respectfully, but with great dignity, to Rabbi Mordecai, to Archbishop von Bilenthal, to Mr. Bismanda, to Mr. Tafelfeld, and to Conrad, whom he particularly remarked with his brilliant, black, piercing eyes.

"Please step into my private office. After you, gentlemen, after you. Be seated, gentlemen. I pre-

sume you call regarding the identification of Countess Augusta von Lichtenstein or her issue, by appointment with Mr. John Tafelfeld. Is the issue of the Countess here, and your proofs to that effect?"

"Yes," answered John Tafelfeld, and he continued: "I introduce to you Conrad Martinoff, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Martinoff. They were the tenants of Mr. Peter Bismanda, who knew them well, as also their son Conrad. They were neighbors of my parents, and Conrad and I went to the public school together. Here I hand you for examination the marriage certificate of Martin Martinofsky to Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein. Here is also the wedding ring that belonged to Mrs. Martin Martinoff. My father handed both to me with instructions to hand them to Conrad as soon as possible, which I did. Rabbi Mordecai, the Archbishop, and Mr. Peter Bismanda will answer any questions you may ask them bearing on the subject before you."

Lawyer Levy carefully read the marriage certificate and examined the ring with a magnifying glass and read the inside engraving, "Martin to Countess Augusta." He questioned Rabbi Mordecai, the Archbishop, and Mr. Peter Bismanda regarding their knowledge of the marriage of the Countess, and whether the man before them who claimed to be her son was in fact her son. All the answers were satisfactory. Finally Judge Levy said: "I am happy to state that I am satisfied that Conrad Martinoff, whom you have introduced to me, is the son of Countess Augusta. I am indeed glad that I can hand over him, as the lawful heir of his grandfather and uncle, Counts Gustav and Conrad von Lichtenstein their estate in my possession and under my manag

ment. Years ago, when the Count Conrad von Lichtenstein was here hunting for his sister, he called on me and requested me to invest for him thirty thousand dollars in such property as I deemed best, and agreed to allow me ten per cent. of the net profits such investment might bring. Upon the advice of Waldher Heartgood, Esq., I purchased the 'Last Chance Mine,' and under my management it developed into a handsomely paying property. It has netted a dividend of twenty-five thousand dollars every month. There is now deposited in the Valley Bank of this city, one of the strongest financial institutions in our country, the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, of which thirty thousand dollars are to be paid to Mr. John Tafelfeld for finding the issue of the Countess Augusta Von Lichtenstein. The balance is subject to the order of Mr. Conrad Martinofsky," said the lawyer, stretching forth his hand to the heir and saying: "I request you to walk with me to the Valley Bank, as I want to introduce you to the venerable president, the affable cashier, and the courteous assistant cashier, and with whom you will leave your signature."

Conrad listened to all that the lawyer said, and pinched his cheeks in order to ascertain whether he was asleep and dreaming, or whether he was indeed awake and all that was told him was reality.

As Manlip Levy was accustomed to prompt answers, he repeated whether it would suit him to go to the Valley Bank now, or whether it is his pleasure to postpone the introduction.

"Before I go with you to the bank, I desire to ask you whether the estate of my ancestors owes you anything?" asked Conrad earnestly.

“ My commission for handling the mine is 10 per cent. of the net profits, and which I, of course, invariably deducted, which is the custom among all lawyers in the United States. The money now to the credit of the Last Chance Mine is entirely yours, without a claim against it. Now permit me to ask you, Shall I continue the management of the Last Chance Mine for the same fee? ”

“ I would consider it a favor if you would do so, allowing yourself the same fee, 10 per cent. of the net proceeds. According to your statement, there is now in the bank \$470,000. 10 per cent. of this amounts to \$47,000. You will please forward to Mr. Moses Rheinflus \$7,000 of this sum with my compliments; \$10,000 I present to you, as a token of my high regard; \$15,000 hand to Rabbi Mordecai, to be donated by him to such institutions as he may choose; and \$15,000 hand to his Grace, the Archbishop Von Bilenthal, to be donated by him to such institutions as he may elect,” ordered Conrad, in a manner as if he was used to giving money away by the thousands of dollars.

Both the Rabbi and the Archbishop arose and thanked the donor for his gift. The Rabbi said: “ I will give the \$15,000 to the college over which I preside.” The Archbishop declared: “ This \$15,000 shall go to the ‘ Sisters of Charity.’ ”

“ Before we adjourn, I beg to say that I have recommended to my schoolmate to adopt the name Von Lichtenstein, and to be known as Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein, to which he agreed. I would therefore suggest that he enter his name on the bank reference book under the signature ‘ Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein.’ Can that be legally done? ”

“ It can be done by legal process, and it is a gr

idea to retain the old family name," answered Judge Levy learnedly.

"I am glad that the name can be changed legally," said Mr. Tafelfeld in a happy tone; and he continued: "Judge Levy, the thirty thousand dollars that I am entitled to receive according to your letter, I request to be transferred to my order by two checks, each for fifteen thousand dollars. I will indorse one check to the Old Women's Home, in memory of my good mother; and the other check I shall indorse to the Old Men's Home, to honor the memory of my good father."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed, in one voice, Peter Bismanda, Rabbi Mordecai, and the Archbishop; and Mr. Bismanda kissed his son-in-law, and exclaimed: "I am proud of you, my son; God bless you!"

"It is the result of the education and example you accorded me while in your employment, and your noble daughter Adele, my good wife, that made me what I am—a God-fearing and a God-loving man. May God bless you for all your noble deeds, is my daily prayer."

"It is the old, old story—we have it as we make it," exclaimed Rabbi Mordecai, tears of joy gathering in his eyes.

"Yes, yes! The world is a mirror. It reflects back what we really are," added the Archbishop.

While this conversation was going on, Lawyer Levy, with his systematic promptness, had drawn the checks for John Tafelfeld, which he handed to him, with vouchers for his signature. At the same time he drew the other checks, as directed by Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein, which he requested him to sign.

"It is a new job for me to sign checks. I never

signed a check in my life, but I guess I will get used to it. This lawyer, Manlip Levy, is smart. It is business with him from the word go. How quickly he dispatches business! No wonder that he made three hundred thousand dollars a year for me while I was tramping. He earned his thirty thousand dollars easily, too," said Conrad to himself as he affixed his name.

Judge Levy pocketed the ten-thousand dollar check made to his order as if it was a daily occurrence for him. He handed the checks for fifteen thousand dollars each to Rabbi Mordecai and to the Archbishop, who were delighted to receive them. The seven-thousand dollar check he dispatched in great haste to Moses Rheinflus, who also happened to be one of his numerous clients.

"Now, Count, please accompany me to the Valley Bank. It is not far from my office. You will sign their reference book, and I will, as I said before, introduce you to the officials of the bank."

This was said in a manner that permitted of no delay. Conrad walked gladly with the lawyer, and took possession of his deposit and transferred it to his name in that great bank.

Before leaving the office, Conrad said to John Tafelfeld: "I have a favor to ask of you. I want you and your wife to go with me to a jewelry store this afternoon, and assist me in the selection of some jewelry that I want to buy for my bride. It is a business that I am not accustomed to."

"It will give me and my wife great pleasure assist you."

If there is anything that a bride likes, it is to esteemed. Esteem manifests itself by costly gi

such as Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein presented to his bride, Miss Bertha Parkerland, who was especially happy as she received from her good father, Squire Parkerland, his consent to her marriage to the man of her choice.

The marriage took place in the Cathedral. The Archbishop Maxmilian Von Bilenthal officiated. The church was crowded with the *elite* of society, for all were eager to see the wealthy and generous Count and his bride, Miss Bertha Parkerland, a cousin of the beautiful, good, and talented Mrs. John Tafelfeld, *nee* Adele Bismanda, the only heir to an estate worth many million dollars.

Paul Parkerland and Peter Bismanda, and the bride and groom joined in their invitation to Rabbi Mordecai to be at the wedding feast, and which he reluctantly accepted, as his duties as president of the college were so great that he could not spare the time. But, to please the celebrants, he met them; and the three old friends, although well advanced in age, were as merry as the merriest on that happy occasion.

Mr. Peter Bismanda filled the three glasses with the genuine Tokay, and proposed the health and happiness of the newly wedded couple, the Count and Countess Conrad Von Lichtenstein, which they drank gleefully.

Rabbi Mordecai proposed the happiness of Squire Parkerland, the father of the bride and father-in-law of a Count; and he added: "May their marriage be blessed with many Counts and Countesses, and may they all be as democratic and kind-hearted as their venerable grandfather, Paul Parkerland."

The Squire thanked the Rabbi and his brother-in-law for their kind expressions, but he answered them

that he did not like it at all that his daughter married a man with a title, and that she would reside in a foreign country, and leave him all to himself in his old days. Although they offered him many rooms for himself in their great castle, he preferred to live on his farm, under the Stars and Stripes, among his old neighbors amid the scenes of his childhood. However, he agreed to visit them, provided Peter and Rabbi Mordecai would go along with him as his guests.

They again filled their glasses and drank to the health of Mr. Peter Bismanda and his granddaughter, Marsena. That toast made the grandfather very happy. Thus passed the wedding festivities pleasantly among the three old friends. The rest of the company gaily danced to the joyful tones of the grand band, and only ceased with the dawn of the morning.

The Count and Countess Von Lichtenstein soon started for Europe to take charge of their great estate. Before leaving the United States, the son made arrangements for the removal of the body of his mother to her ancestral estate, there to be buried near her parents, where he could personally adorn it with the choicest flowers.

When her body arrived, a public funeral was given to it. All the peasants and tradespeople of the neighborhood turned out *en masse* in their holiday clothes. Among them was a tall, aged man, with a military step and manner, who, with uncovered head, followed close to the coffin.

"Who is that noble-looking old man?" as Count Conrad of one of the old servants.

"That is Colonel Frantz Martinofsky, the last of Emperor Napoleon's Imperial Guard. Napoleon

Great personally decorated him with the insignia of the Legion of Honor, for great bravery on the field of battle," answered the servant, in a hesitating tone.

"Was Martin Martinofsky his son?"

"Yes, he was his son."

When the cemetery was reached, and before the coffin was lowered, Count Conrad stepped before his grandfather and said to him: "I have just learned that you are my grandfather. I implore your blessing ere the body of my good mother is lowered to her final resting-place."

"I bless you as my grandson, Conrad Martinofsky, but not as Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein; for the Lichtensteins have persecuted my noble son Martin, and their persecutions made him a drunkard and an outcast tramp. I honor your mother, for she was a truly noble woman. She clung to him devotedly throughout all the vicissitudes of their lives, which the pride and the arrogance of her titled parents caused. They are no more. Their name has even perished, and can only survive through your generosity, shown by the adoption of the name of Lichtenstein, instead of Martinofsky. I leave it to your sense of justice and family pride," said the old soldier, in a calm tone; and he added: "Before the body of my daughter-in-law is lowered into this grave, I bless her memory as a dutiful wife and an example of all womanly virtues."

"I thank you for these kind words," exclaimed Conrad.

"Come, grandfather, dwell with me in my castle, and let it be my privilege to attend to your comforts and make your days happy," pleaded the grandson.

"Will you drop the title and name of Lichtenstein and go by your honest name, Conrad Martinofsky?"

Answer, yes or no," exclaimed the grandfather in a commanding voice.

"I married my wife by the name of Count Conrad Von Lichtenstein, and for that reason can not drop that title and name," answered the Count readily.

"I see, I see! You have married an American woman. They are fond of titles, and it may embitter your wedded life if you deprive her of being a countess. This alone excuses you in my eyes for not going by your father's name. I decline your offer to dwell in your castle: I am content with my humble hut. You may call on me, however. You will always find the latch-string hanging outside when you come."

They kissed, and the grandson, by hard persuasion, obtained the consent to take him home in his carriage, where he read the sign:

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Many sons and daughters were born to the happy couple, who were greatly admired and beloved by the whole community for their kindness of heart and the deep interest they took in the welfare of their fellow-men. Both the Count and Countess, although very dignified in their bearing, nevertheless were very democratic in their feelings and actions.

'Squire Paul Parkerland and Peter Bismanda visit them a few years after their marriage, and enjoy their princely hospitality. Rabbi Mordecai could

accompany them ; his official duties as president of the college would not allow his absence. He was so much in love with his work to educate the students as great ministers and true leaders in the vineyard of the Lord, that he would not allow himself a vacation. On he toiled as a teacher, a preacher, and an author to the end of his allotted days ; and when he died, hundreds of the students who had graduated from his college hastened from all parts of the country, and some of them traveled great distances, in order to attend his funeral, and carried his body (incased in a pine box in accordance with the good old custom of the Israelites) on their shoulders, from his residence to the cemetery, which was miles away, and every one of them considered it the greatest honor bestowed on them to render that service to their master. They all acknowledged that he was a good and great man, whose aim in life was to lead mankind to a higher plane of perfection. And this aim we claim for this novel, "On a Higher Plane" : to lead the whole human race nearer to perfection. Perfection is the mother of happiness.

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